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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

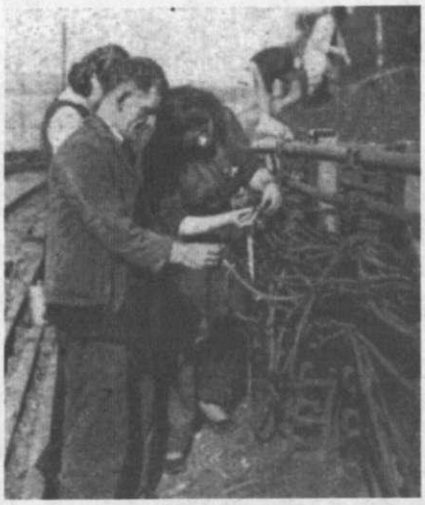
SIXPENCE NOVEMBER 12, 1943

JEEP-TURNED-AMBULANCE is carrying a wounded German prisoner to the rear of the 5th Army during fighting in the heights around Salerno. This was no mechanized warfare country. Ousting the enemy from the shrub-covered, Italian mountainsides involved slow and systematic combing. Gradients were so steep, defiles so narrow and tortuous, that even jeeps could manage only part of the way. Numbers of them were put to ambulance work in the back areas.

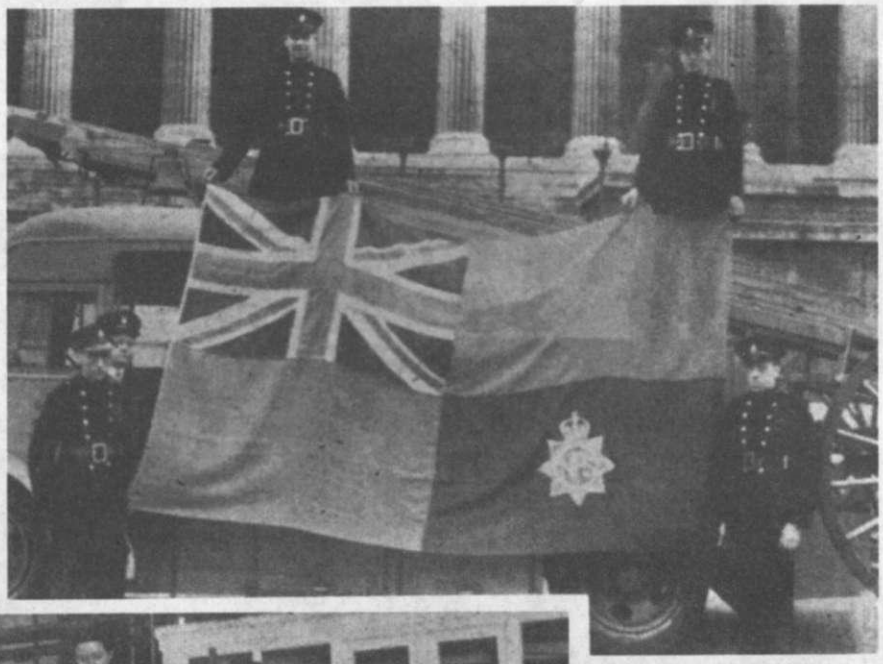
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

NO. 168 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26

Our Roving Camera Visits Busy War-Workers



WOMEN ENGINEERS help to repair electric cables alongside a railway line, damaged during a recent air raid in the London area. Few indeed are the war-jobs which women are not tackling successfully.



N.F.S. MEN of the London region (above) with the flag presented to all National Fire Service stations to commemorate the second birthday of the organization, August 18, 1943. The flag was designed by Sir Gerald W. Wollaston, Garter King of Arms, advised by Home Office officials.

ROSE HIP SYRUP, high in Vitamin C content, is now being manufactured in a plant (left) which once specialized in ice-cream making. The freezers have been adapted to remove the seeds, for later planting, and leave only the fruit from which the health-giving syrup is produced.

SEA-HARVEST thanksgiving service was held at the Congregational Church, Mevagissey, Cornwall. The church was decorated with nets, creels, ships' lamps, and samples of catches. Fishermen—seen below putting finishing touches to the decorations—attended the service in workaday jerseys and knee-boots.

SPINNINGWOOL is a recreational occupation taught at Rolleston Hall, Leicestershire, one of the many English country houses converted into Red Cross convalescent homes for Service men.

Photos, Keystone, Topical Press, L.N.A., Daily Mirror

BATTLE FOR GOMEL, northernmost key-point in the Dnieper front extending south to Kremenchug, has resulted in many such scenes as this. While German dead, and wrecked artillery, dot the marshy ground, swarms of carrion birds hover overhead, impatient for the moment when the tumult of battle will cease and they may pounce on their prey. The fall of Gomel, which was besieged by October 29, 1943, would rob the enemy of an important communications centre and separate his Ukrainian armies from his central Dnieper forces. *Photo, News Chronicle*

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

A GREAT deal has been written about the vital importance of cooperation between the Services and between the various arms of the Services. There is no doubt that a very high standard has been reached. Yet even now there is a regrettable tendency to make extravagant claims for the results that can be produced by specific services or arms, ignoring the essential assistance given by cooperative action.

There is plenty of evidence to show that members of the fighting Services directly engaged in the war fully appreciate the value of cooperation, and they have been chiefly responsible for the improved standard that has been attained. It is the critics who appear to cling too tenaciously to preconceived theories regarding the potentialities of individual services or arms and the role that should be assigned to them.

Unfortunately it is the critics who have the best opportunity of impressing their views on the public, and there is always a danger that its members, especially those engaged in munition industries, should gain the impression that the weapons they are producing are either of minor value or are being misused. I admit that between the Services and between the arms of the Services there is always a certain degree of rivalry, and that up to a point it is a healthy rivalry ; but what I deprecate is that it should be expressed in propaganda which gives the public distorted views on the conduct of war—views which may be adopted even by Members of Parliament and Ministers of the Crown.

IT is natural that each Service and arm should wish to be given a role in which its most destructive functions can be brought into play ; but, to secure cooperative action, it is essential that each should be prepared at times to carry out what may seem a part detrimental to producing the maximum effects of which it is capable. Cooperation does not imply the parallel and simultaneous exercise of power but the correct adjustment of potentialities in combined action.

The Navy, no doubt, would still like to develop its maximum power in a great fleet action, but recognizes that opportunity for that, in modern warfare, may never occur, and it is content to carry out its main role of controlling sea communications, either by destroying the enemy's ships piecemeal or by purely protective action—a laborious and unending duty on the faithful fulfilment of which the other Services, and the economic life of the nation, depend. In that task it employs every weapon it possesses, including its long-range air weapon ; and it rightly demands the cooperation of the still longer range and more powerful aircraft which can operate only from shore bases.

The Army, too, would wish to crush the enemy's power of resistance by defeating him in decisive battle, but it may have to be content to fight to gain bases from which the Navy or R.A.F. can operate with greater advantage. For example, the 8th Army, by protecting the Navy's base at Alexandria and by securing air bases along the coast of North Africa from which in turn the R.A.F. could operate with the Navy, achieved more important results than the actual damage it inflicted on Rommel's Army. In carrying out its task the Army depended greatly on air cooperation on the actual battlefield to add to the power of its own weapons and for protection from the enemy's aircraft ; while at the same time air action continuously operated against the enemy's supply lines. Yet air power alone could not have assumed the functions of the Army. It could not have halted Rommel's advance nor have driven him finally from the territory required to furnish bases for naval and air control of the sea route. Every extension of air action required, in fact, to be preceded by an advance of the Army to secure new air bases.

SACRIFICES Called For Between Service Arms

Within the Army itself there is an endless necessity for cooperation between its components and its weapons, often entailing roles in which maximum individual power cannot be exercised. Formations or units may be called on to attack parts of the enemy's position where no outstanding success is possible simply in order to reduce the enemy's power of resistance at a more vital point. Artillery may be ordered to fire smoke shell, practically without destructive effect, in order to cover the advance of tanks or infantry. The unpleasant task of the sappers in clearing minefields under fire is purely altruistic.

The tank man's highest ambition is probably to break through or round the enemy and play havoc with his rearward service and control organization ; but he is often required to make sacrifices in direct support of infantry action. The infantry soldier's ambition is to close with the enemy in order to destroy him or to force him to surrender, but he may only be given the task of opening the way for a tank break-through. In the last war the function of tanks was to open the way for the infantry, but the development of mines and the increased range of the tank has reversed these roles.

I have suggested that critics tend to be obsessed by the potentialities of particular weapons, and I was interested to read lately an article by a well-known writer, who roundly criticized the use Montgomery made of armour and his great reliance on artillery—a reversion, he said, to 1917 ideas. I cannot help feeling that this critic had ignored the changes in conditions that extensive minefields and anti-tank guns have made. Certainly Montgomery, if he errs, errs in good company, for the Russians owe their success largely to reliance on artillery, and the Germans have been compelled to modify their panzer tactics.

THE R.A.F. admittedly entered the war in the belief that independent air action, the bombing of the enemy's war industries, would be the chief instrument in achieving decisive results. Cooperation in land and sea warfare was given a very subsidiary place. That belief still has its supporters, but fortunately the importance of cooperation has been fully recognized—somewhat grudgingly by certain writers, who tend to look on all diversion of air power to cooperative functions as postponing the full development of its independent action. Those critics, to my mind, seem to ignore the fact that an immense proportion of the enemy's war industries is devoted to the production of equipment needed in land and sea war. Moreover, if the Allies did not develop their power in those elements, not only could a much higher proportion of German industry be devoted to aircraft production, but our own aircraft production might be seriously affected by the enemy's sea and air action.

WE claim, justifiably, that our air attacks on Germany have assisted Russia by forcing the enemy to divert a high proportion of his fighter aircraft and of his man-power and industries to defence against air attack. But I think we are apt to forget how much the R.A.F. owes its present strength and effectiveness to the Russian Army. When Germany invaded Russia she almost simultaneously suspended bombing attacks on England. If Russia had collapsed we can hardly doubt that intensive bombing on England would have been resumed, with serious effects on our aircraft production.

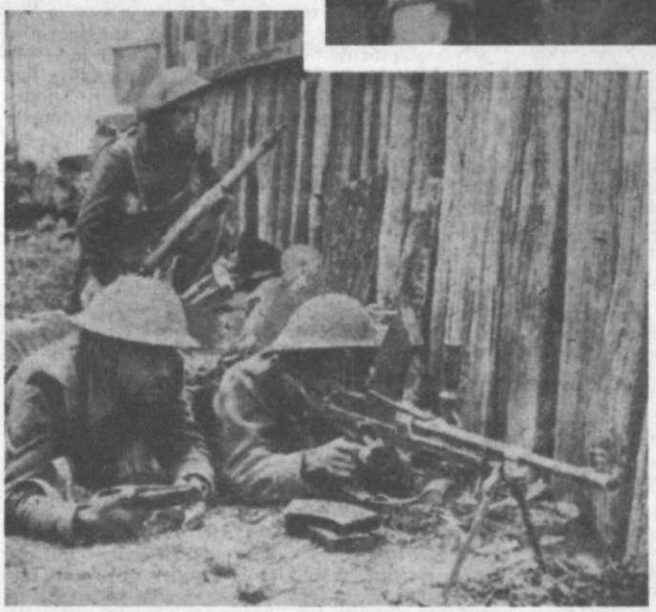
Moreover, there can be no doubt that Germany's bombing-aircraft design and production would have rapidly advanced, and that she would have been able to exploit the advantages of bombing at shorter range. We should not, therefore, forget the immense influence the achievement of the Russian Army has had on the development of our air offensive, even if it was the result of indirect rather than direct cooperation.

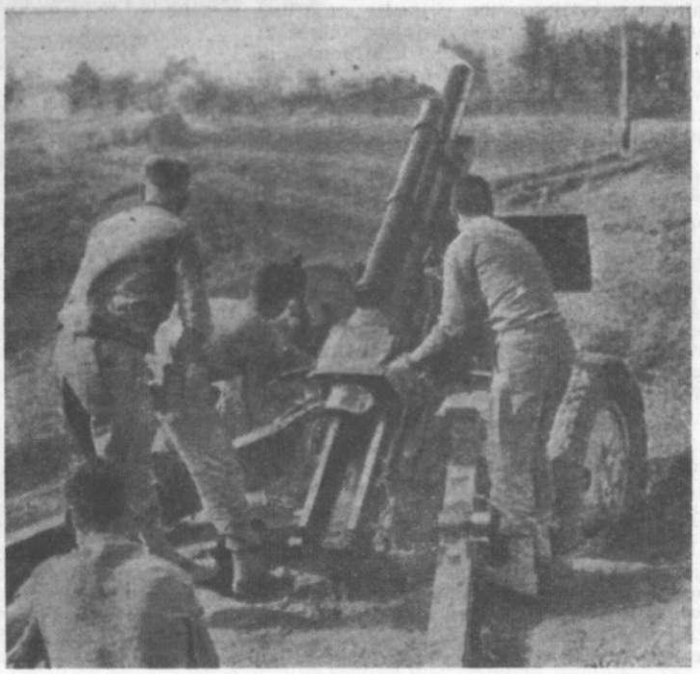
In the Footsteps of Garibaldi the Liberator—

ITALIAN BATTLE-LINE as it was on October 22, 1943. By October 31 Allied troops were on the move in three sectors : over the Volturno and the Trigno, and in the Vinchiaturo—Isernia area.

ANTI-TANK OBSTACLES had to be removed before the Volturno river bank could be reached, and these lusty British Tommies (above) got down to the job with vigour. Such delaying tactics by the enemy, together with appalling weather conditions, made progress difficult : "hard slogging the whole way" was one commentator's summary. Road mines, too, slowed the pace of the advance, Gen. Alexander declared on October 23, 1943.

SHORE-LANDING DECKCRAFT, built and manned (right) by British Army engineers, moves across the Volturno River near Castello Volturno. This craft was used to ferry reinforcements, carriers, ammunition and food over the river, which varies in width from 100 to 600 feet between banks ranging from 10 to 15 feet high. While at places the river could be waded normally, the heavy rains had swollen it very considerably.





WITH A 105 mm. HOWITZER, American artillerymen (right) went into action against enemy positions across the river. Meanwhile, some 85 miles across country as the bomber flies, their Canadian comrades of the 8th Army (above) were clearing out snipers' nests south of the River Trigno, where on October 23, 1943 Gen. Montgomery forced a bridgehead.

Photos, British, Canadian and U.S. Official. Map by courtesy of Evening News

—the 5th Force the Volturno, Rome-ward Bound

CROSSING THE VOLTURNO RIVER, British infantry of the 5th Army make use of a pontoon bridge built by their comrades-in-arms, American engineers. The Volturno battle began on October 12, 1943, but it was not until the morning of October 15 that this crossing was possible. By October 17 General Clark's men had driven the enemy from most of their positions on the Volturno line, which extended 17 miles from the coast to Capua. Thus, almost to the day, they repeated the triumph of Garibaldi the Liberator, who, 83 years ago, forced the Volturno against 40,000 Bourbon troops to open the road to Rome, some 80 miles to the north.

Photo British Official: Crown Copyright

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

WHAT is there left for the German Navy to do? As pointed out in my last article, in page 327, there is no longer a harbour left in which it can consider itself safe from attack, whether that attack comes from the air or from beneath the sea. Of its larger units, the biggest lies disabled in a harbour in the north of Norway, and others are under repair at Gdynia or other ports in the Baltic. Only one important vessel is known to be in seaworthy condition, the battleship Scharnhorst. It is still believed by a few people that, as a desperate resort, the remnant of a fleet that remains to Germany will be ordered to proceed to sea to do what damage it can to our commerce. A careful examination of the facts tends to discredit this belief.

It is two and a half years since the battleship Bismarck, in company with the heavy cruiser Prinz Eugen, sallied out into the Atlantic to add her weight to attacks being made on shipping by the U-boats. At that time we were still short of escort and patrol vessels, and indeed of ships for all purposes. Nor had we enough aircraft to perform the many tasks required of them. Yet the departure of the two enemy ships was promptly reported to the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet by a reconnaissance plane of the Fleet Air Arm. Immediate warning was sent in every direction, and the Bismarck and her consort were intercepted as they passed through the Denmark Strait, between Iceland and Greenland. Though touch was temporarily lost with the foe as the result of bad weather, it was regained in time for the Bismarck to be brought to action and sunk before she could reach Brest, the nearest port of refuge available to the ship after she had been damaged by torpedo attack.

THIS lesson has not been lost on the enemy. Today there are at our disposal a great many more ships and aircraft of every type, and the chances of a large German warship putting to sea and remaining there for any length of time without being brought to action are far poorer than in 1941. If in spite of this daunting situation the rash decision was taken to send ships to sea, which units would be selected? They would need to be of similar speed and characteristics, able to act together with effect. Now the Scharnhorst's speed is 27 knots; that of the pocket battleship Admiral Scheer, also believed to be in Norwegian waters, is 26 knots. Practically all British cruisers are capable of 32 knots or more, while the modern battleships of the King George V type are equal to 30 knots. Thus the two German ships would be in a position of greater disadvantage than the Bismarck and Prinz Eugen, capable of 30 knots without parting company.

The only fast ships of any importance of which the Germans can dispose are the heavy cruisers, Admiral Hipper and Prinz Eugen, and it is not certain that the latter is ready for sea. With a speed of 32 knots, they might take some time to hunt down, but even so their prospects of survival would not be great. It is therefore probable that, if any enemy ships do make a sortie, it will be a very short one, designed to raise the spirits of the German public, who are in need of cheering news. It was with some such object that the dash to Spitzbergen and back was undertaken by the German squadron in Norwegian waters a few weeks back. It is noteworthy that this took them in the only direction in which British warships were unlikely to be encountered.

EDICT of Berlin Resulted in High Seas Fleet Mutiny

It may also be recalled that in October, 1918, when things were going badly for Germany, it was sought to send the High Seas Fleet to sea to do as much damage as possible, in the hope of gaining time for the sorely tried land forces of our foes. This order was not executed, for the crews of the battle squadrons, already discontented, broke into open mutiny when their officers endeavoured to carry out the edict of Berlin.

It has already been mentioned, in a previous article, that crews of the German squadron in Norway are in a much more unhappy position than those of the ships at Kiel and Wilhelmshaven in the last war. It is scarcely likely, therefore, that they would feel any enthusiasm for an expedition that could have only one end. Almost certainly they would demand instead that they might return to home waters, as the Lützow did at the end of September.

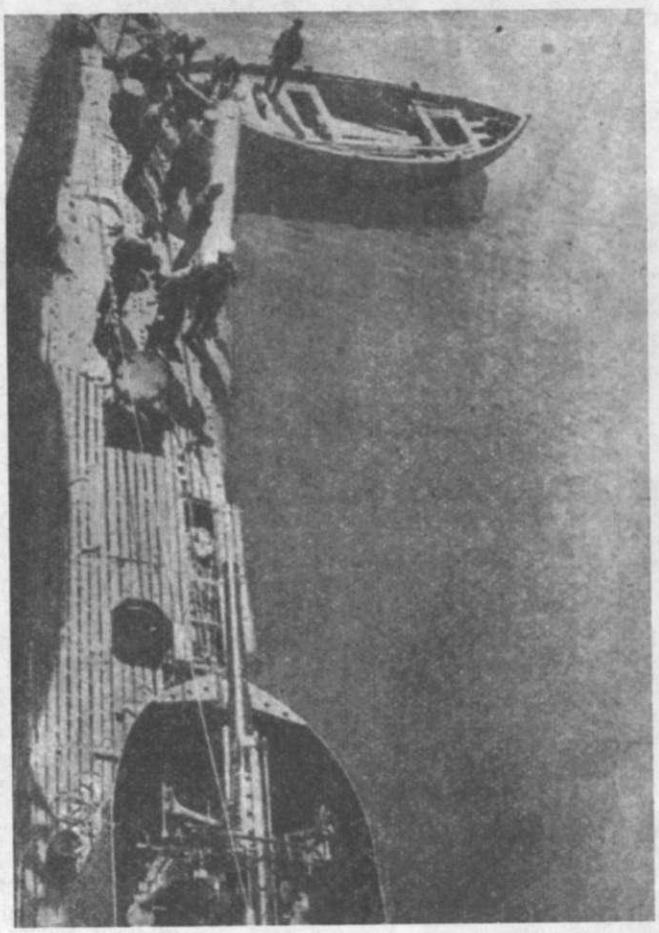
SIR DUDLEY POUND, late Admiral of the Fleet, who died on October 21, 1943—Trafalgar Day—at the age of 66. He was First Sea Lord of the Admiralty and Chief of Naval Staff from June 1939 till October 1, 1943.
Photo, Pictorial Press

This seems to exhaust the possibilities of action by the German surface fleet; for the smaller craft, such as destroyers, motor-torpedo-boats, minesweepers, and so on, are already hard put to it to maintain coastal patrols in the face of Allied activity. In October Norwegian light forces raided the "leads," or inshore channels behind the islands fringing the coasts of their own country; British and Allied motor-gunboats and motor-torpedo-boats carry out attacks on enemy coastwise traffic in the North Sea and Channel almost nightly; and our aircraft strew mines plentifully off the enemy shores in the Baltic and North Sea, causing many more casualties than are likely to be reported until long afterwards.

ACOUSTIC Type Torpedo Fails to Achieve Success For Nazis

Thus the Germans are forced to fall back once more on their chosen sea weapon, the submarine. In recent months the U-boats have suffered severe defeats in every attack they have made upon convoys. An effort to spring a surprise by the use of a new type of torpedo, said to be of an acoustic pattern which is attracted to propellers, failed to achieve the success hoped for in the latter part of September. In all previous attempts by the enemy to gain a commanding advantage by the use of some novel weapon, the antidote has been devised so rapidly that the advantage has been merely transient; and this fresh effort is unlikely to do any better.

Meanwhile, the submarine losses must be a drain on the skilled personnel available, for expert seamen, and especially technicians, cannot be trained so quickly as U-boats can be turned out by mass production methods. There is reason to believe, moreover, that the output of German submarines has sensibly declined owing to the number of engineering works put out of action which formerly supplied essential plant and equipment for U-boats. Submarines passing through the Bay of Biscay on their way out and home run the gauntlet of ceaseless attacks by our aircraft. To counter this, enemy planes have done their best to drive our machines away, but it is doubtful if the Germans can spare enough of the Luftwaffe to do more than make an occasional demonstration in this direction. In general, therefore, the outlook for the German Navy does not seem any brighter than the future of the German Army.

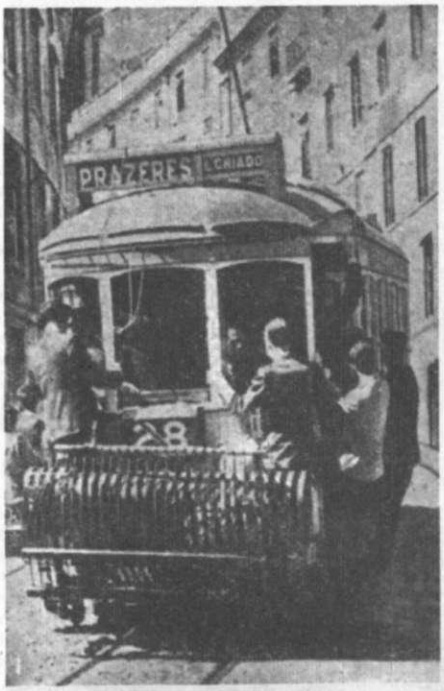


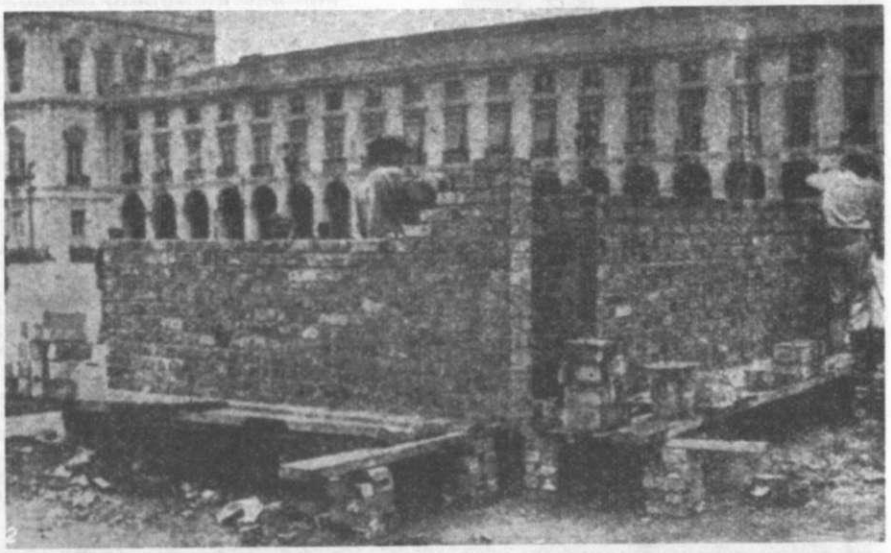
GREEK SUBMARINE KATSONIS, the sinking of which was announced on October 6, 1943, played a great part in her country's fight for freedom. Operating mainly in the Aegean and Adriatic seas, the Katsonis scored many successes, sinking or damaging thousands of tons of enemy shipping
Photo, Greek Official

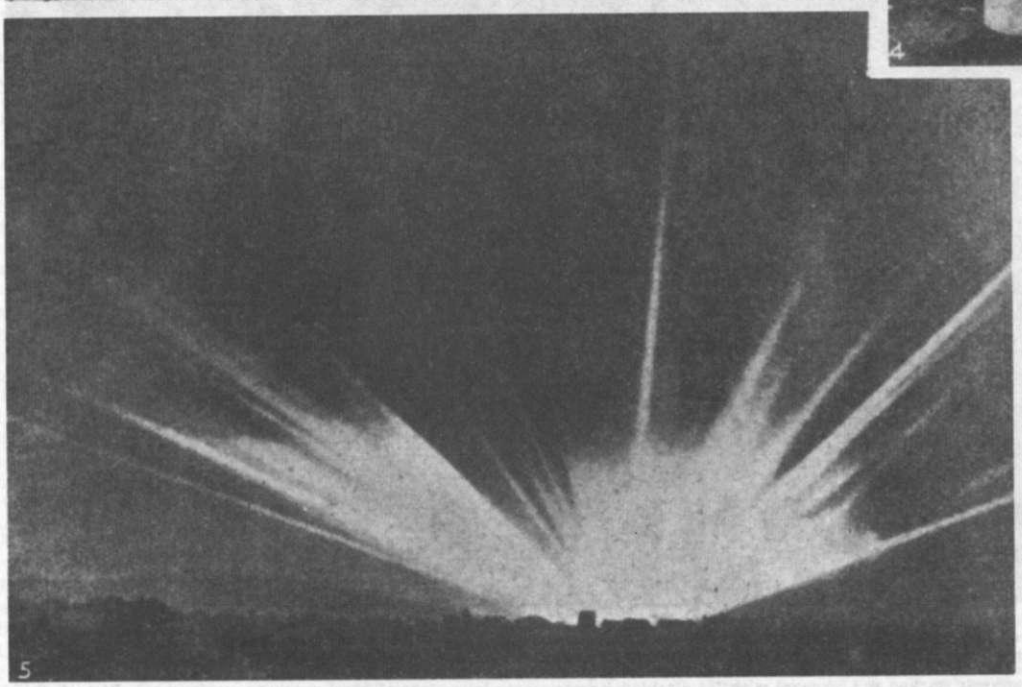
'You Will Never Lack Friends,' said The King

BACK AGAIN IN BLIGHTY, assured by the King and Queen that "while you are in these Islands you will never lack friends," are the first consignment of Empire repatriated prisoners of war. They reached the quayside at Leith on October 25, 1943, borne by tender (above) from the mercy ships Empress of Russia and Drottningholm. In all 3,351, they had come via Gothenburg from Continental camps as a result of the first prisoner-exchange of this war. The following day the Atlantis docked at Liverpool with 764 disabled heroes whose long night of Nazi captivity was over *Photo, G.P.U.*

Neutral Portugal Tries Out Her Defences





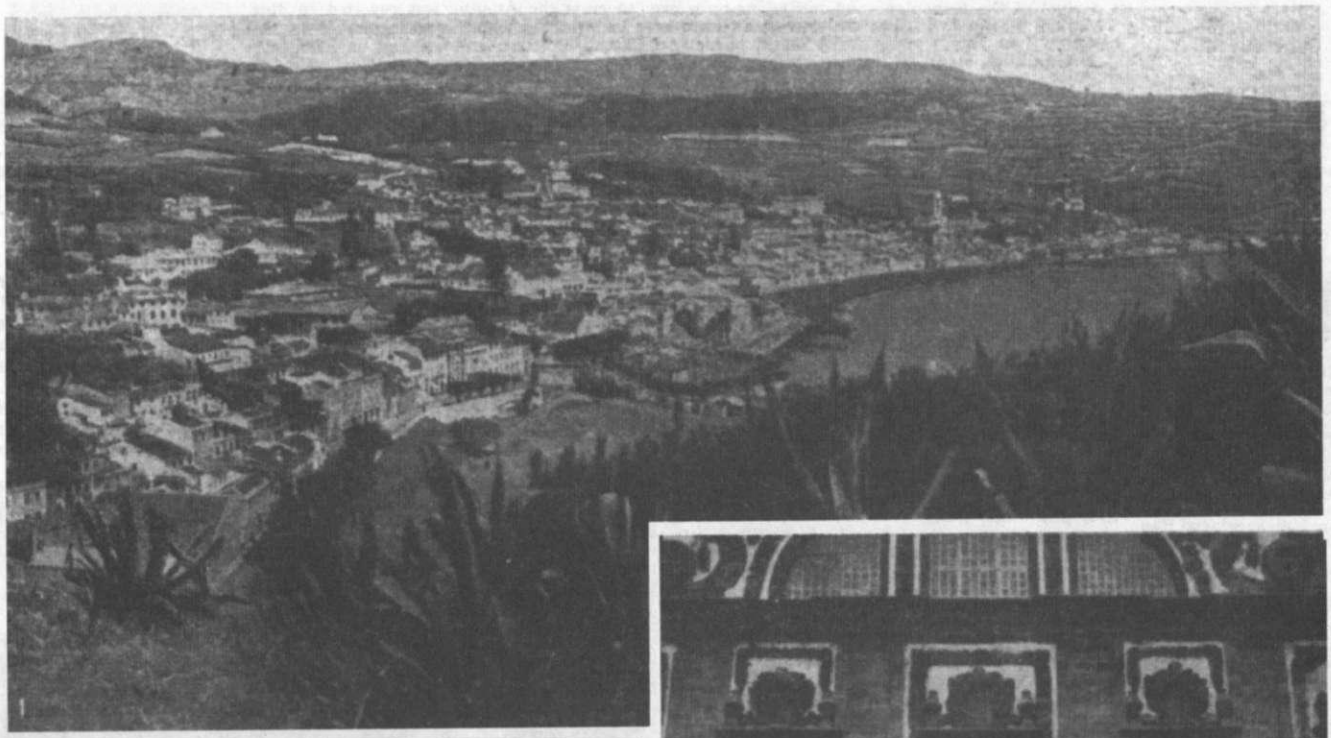


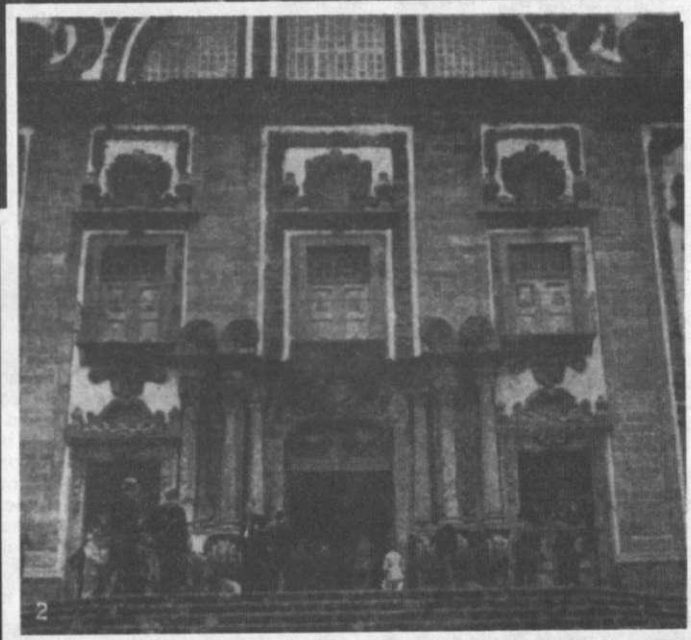
OUR ALLY FOR 400 YEARS continuously, Portugal is neutral in this war; though her recent concession to Britain of bases in the Azores (see facing page and page 383) shows where her sympathies lie. Portugal has always been on the alert against Nazi encroachment, and now with Germany reeling under the blows of the United Nations, Dr. Salazar's Government has realized the necessity for even greater vigilance, lest in his desperation Hitler should try some move in the Iberian Peninsula. And so, at dawn on Oct. 11, 1943, military manoeuvres on the largest scale began throughout the country. Lisbon had a black-out and civil defence exercises were carried out.

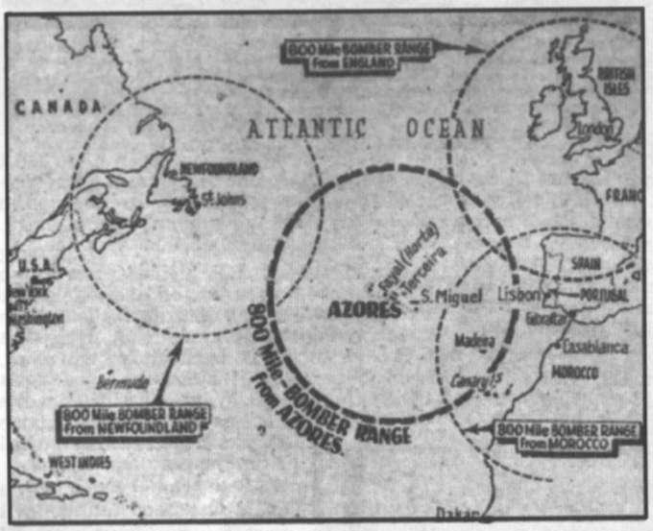
Petrol is rationed, and tramcars are overcrowded (1). Barricades and air-raid shelters are going up (2), Youth Corps are in training (4), searchlights comb the Lisbon sky (5) and Portugal's modern army stands to its A.A guns of the latest pattern (3).

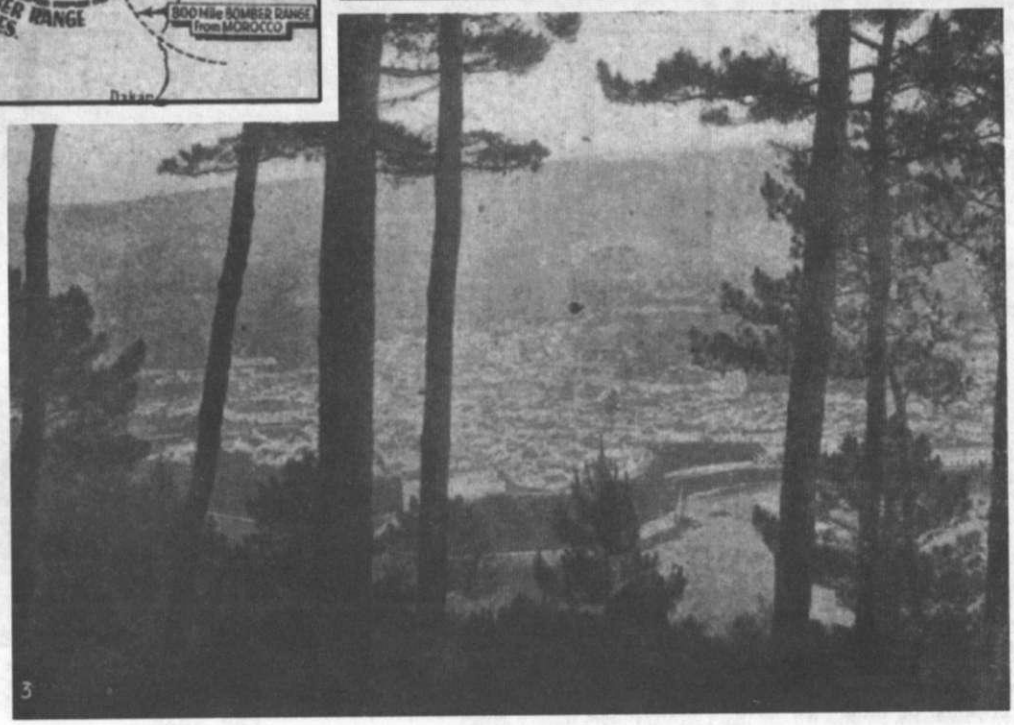
Photos, Planet News

Azores are New Atlantic Bases for the Allies









CLUSTER OF ISLANDS which form a natural cross-roads for Transatlantic communications are the Azores (see map above), where harbour and air-base facilities have been granted to Britain by the Portuguese Government (see photograph in p. 383) under a treaty dated 1373. The islands, which are 800 miles from Lisbon, are spread over a distance of 400 miles and have a total area of 922 square miles. São Miguel is the largest, Corvo the smallest, of them.

The Azores now provide for the Allies an excellent outpost for anti-U-boat operations and afford more extensive air cover for our convoys.

Horta, Island of Fayal (1), is the Pan-American Clipper base. At Ponta Delgada, São Miguel—(2) is a view of its historic Collegio Cathedral—there are good harbour facilities for destroyers and other escort craft. Allied troops have already landed on Terceira Island, principal town of which is Angra do Heroismo (3).

Photos, E.N.A., Black Star. Map by courtesy of News Chronicle

Air Transport Is Rivalling Wartime Shipping

Arrival of the first plane-and-carrier air-train ever to cross the Atlantic was reported in this country on July 5, 1943. The towed glider was loaded with war and medical supplies. As HAROLD A. ALBERT explains below, possibilities in this direction are tremendous. He tells something also of today's transport pilots of the skies. See also facing page.

BY the end of 1943 the Allies will be using so many military cargo planes that air transport will approach parity with wartime ocean shipping; so predicted the U.S. Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce recently. Of late, according to their report, one-fifth of all multiple-engined plane production in America has been devoted to cargo-carrying aircraft, and this proportion is due to rise to 30 per cent shortly.

BADGE of British Overseas Airways Corporation: silver-winged lion, gold crown and oak leaves. *Photo, Topical Press*

The practical outcome was seen when Squadron-Leader R. G. Seys and Flight-Lieut. W. S. Longhurst brought the first plane-and-glider air-train across the Atlantic in 28 flying hours (see pictures in page 152). Squadron-Leader F. M. Gobeil, the co-pilot of the glider, had never flown the Atlantic before. Flight-Lieut. C. W. H. Thomson, the co-pilot of the towing plane, was posted to Canada some time ago for specialist navigational duties on the Atlantic Ferry. But it is no secret now that their Atlantic trip was the crowning triumph of many unheralded and unremarked—though record-breaking—glider trips.

One triangular-course flight, for instance, was staged from and back to Montreal by way of Newfoundland and Labrador through some of the worst weather recorded in those parts for fifty years. Another flight, southwards from Canada, covered 1,177 miles non-stop at an average speed of 150 m.p.h. As a result, Mr. O. T. Larsen, the vice-president of Trans-Canada Air Lines, is studying the possibilities of towed passenger gliders which could be dropped off individually over their respective destinations. The air-train age is near.

As many as a hundred aircraft in one day, too, have left a great northern Atlantic air base bound for Britain. One of the "train drivers," Captain William S. May—a veteran of five years' bush-flying in Western Canada—travelled practically the whole course in dense cloud and set up a new journey-time record of 7 hours 40 minutes, beating the previous eight-hour performance achieved by a Hudson bomber fourteen months before.

A WEEK later, Captain Sam Buxton, a graduate from the Britain-India service, surpassed this Atlantic feat with a new record of 7 hours 16 minutes. He "hadn't been trying." He had not faced cloud, but he had had to contend with forty-three degrees of frost. It is a disciplinary offence for transport personnel—unless under special orders—to attempt to beat previous best flying times. They have their flight plans regulating the routes, zones, altitudes and engine speeds for each mission and they attempt to stick to them. Glamour, but scant publicity, attaches to their ferry work. Yet some of these men have crossed the Atlantic scores of times. Captain J. T. Percy, formerly one of the youngest air-liner commanders ever to be seen at Croydon, has over fifty such flights to his credit. He looks forward to piloting 100-seater planes: it is amusing to reflect that he once set up a Croydon to Paris record flight of 53 minutes.

Then there is Captain L. V. Messenger, O.B.E., a Londoner who has logged his sixtieth crossing; and a colonel who came across with a consignment of 200 bullfrogs. They were needed for experimental laboratories over here; and they made such a croaking that the colonel declares you could hardly hear the noise of the engines.

One transport pilot, Flight-Lieut. L. L. "Slim" Jones, has even flown the Atlantic three times within 56 hours. He flew an aircraft from Newfoundland to Britain, returned to Montreal as a passenger during the night, and there learned that his brother was missing from a bomber raid on Germany. Normally such swift recurrent crossings are unusual; but in order to be with his mother, Flight-Lieut. Jones took charge of another ferry plane and re-crossed the Atlantic.

As officials of Transport Command have told me, one can pay too much attention to the Atlantic routine and miss the amazing performances that have been set up between Britain and Africa or on the ferry runs to Russia, India and beyond to China. Last year 21,600,000 tons miles capacity were provided by British Overseas Airways alone, before some of the services were submerged in Transport Command.

Captain F. Dudley Travers, with a flying log of more than 16,000 hours, has flown the equivalent of more than eighty times round the world. At the age of 19 he destroyed twelve enemy planes, in the old R.F.C. (Royal Flying Corps) days. Now, piloting flying boats between Britain and South Africa, he finds that every year brings a higher mileage than ever.

CAPTAIN E. S. ALCOCK, too, has flown over 2,000,000 miles, a striking one-man feat when you realize that the whole of Transport Command flew only 1,100,000 flying miles in provisioning Malta before the fall of Tunisia and Sicily cleared the route for Allied convoys. His reliability in getting transports to a destination dead on time may more than once have turned the tide of victory, and this is no idle thought. In one engagement a transport pilot tipped the scales by delivering sorely-needed anti-tank ammunition on time and in time. Only air transport could have done it.

Capt. W. S. MAY Veteran "air-train driver," he established a record for the Newfoundland-Britain flight.

Capt. J. T. PERCY He has made over 50 Atlantic crossings. Once he did the Croydon–Le Bourget trip in 53 minutes.

Capt. L. MESSENGER Has to his credit 25 Atlantic crossings in 10 months. One trip, of 3,000 miles, occupied only 16½ hours.

Photos, British Official: Canadian Official

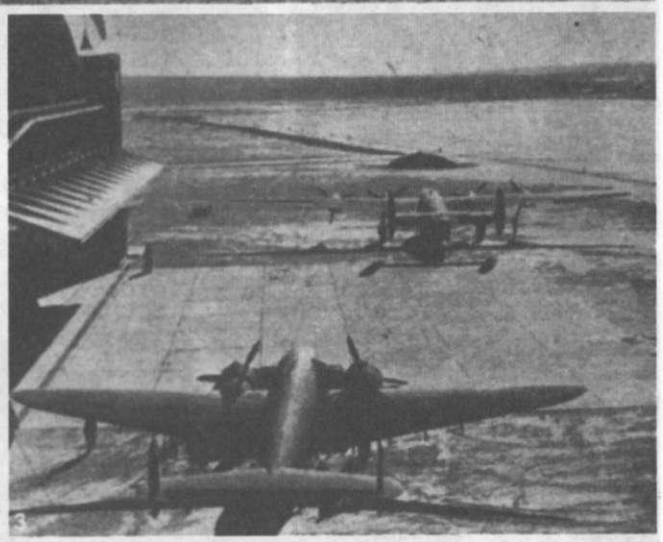
Again, when R.A.F. Signals were putting the Western Desert, Tripoli and Tunisia on the telephone, to link all arms for immediate cooperation—the prelude to Sicily—an S O S to Transport brought key equipment from England in 24 hours. Another flyer, Flying Officer R. C. Watson, has flown scores of laden planes across the Niger-Nile routes of West Africa, across the lush river jungle, the equatorial scrub waste and mountains.

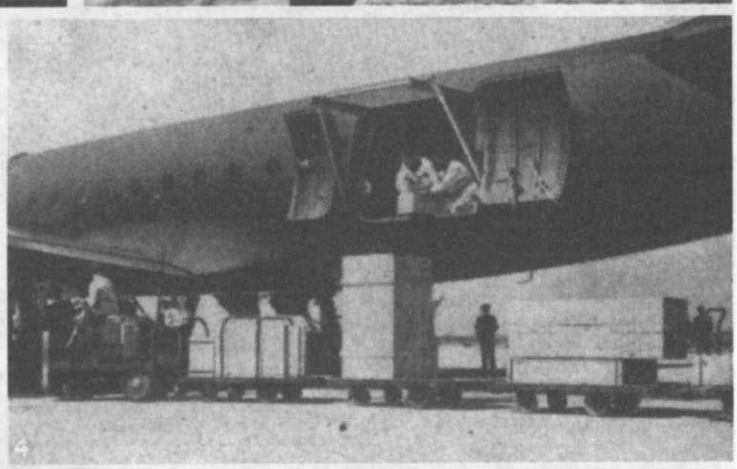
He was once forced down by a sandstorm and set out to walk 127 miles to the nearest outpost. Losing his way, he staggered on for ten days till his water supply gave out. He had already lost consciousness and lived through a day or so of semi-delirium when he found himself surrounded by a company of curious but friendly bush negroes.

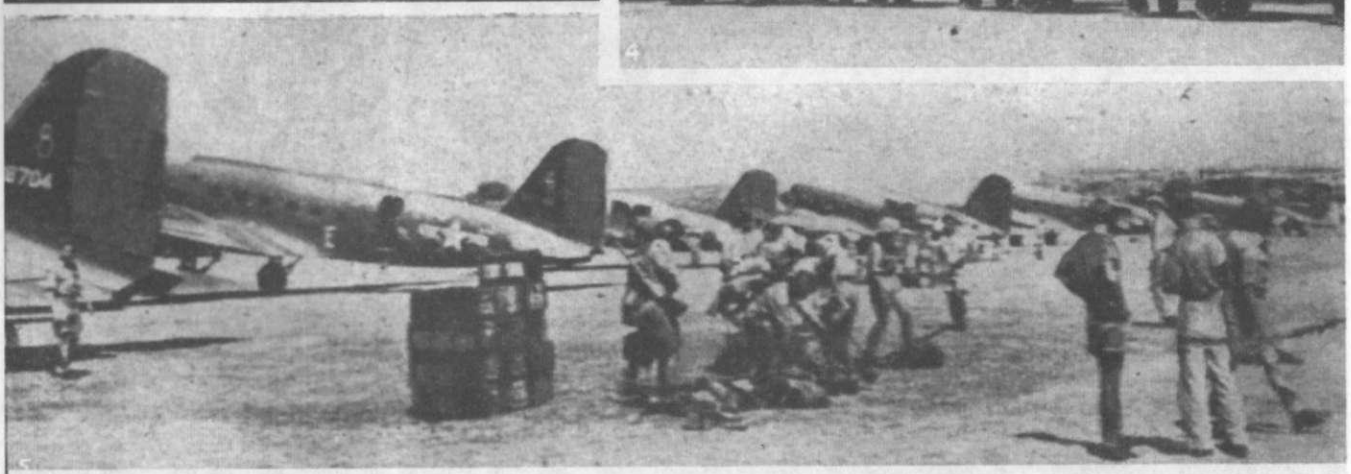
The transport pilot knows his world. He may find himself facing a gale in mid-ocean and must fight and beat it. His airfield may have a covering of ten feet of snow in winter, and his aircraft—probably a plane he has never flown before—may have to be serviced at thirty degrees below zero. Or he may have a run through tropical heat, carrying reinforcements, supplies, ammunition, food, even water, or blood for transfusion. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the first tug-and-glider train was loaded with vaccines for Russia.

'ABLE-SEAWOMEN' of British Overseas Airways Corporation make fast their launch preparatory to assisting stevedores with the unloading of a flying boat. Girls and women play an important part in the flying-boat service between this country and Lisbon, Africa and America. *Photo, Topical Press*

R.A.F. Runs Biggest Airline Service in the World







R.A.F. TRANSPORT COMMAND, under Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, from a West Country headquarters (2) controls all sorts and conditions of planes (1) all over the globe, including such craft as the Douglas Skymaster (4) which has carried President Roosevelt, Queen Wilhelmina, the Crown Prince of Norway, and other high personages on momentous journeys: here it is seen unloading freight. Among Transport Command's jobs are flying U.S.-built planes to Britain (3) and delivering supplies (5) to the Allied forces in Italy, a job it tackled directly the first airfield was taken. **See also facing page.**

Photos, Topical Press, Pictorial Press, Sport & General, Associated Press

On a 2,000-Mile Front the Russian Battle Rages

WOMEN IN THE FRONT LINE are a commonplace of the fighting along the whole 2,000-mile Russian front. Corporal Klavdia Danilova (1) is an air-gunner who has been in over 100 battles. Senior Sgt. Valentina Ponomareva (2) is a field nurse; she is seen tending a casualty in the Kiev front line. In the same sector riflemen wait in ambush (5). To a village near Poltava return peasants (3) with their cattle. North-west of Smolensk a column of American trucks loaded with munitions (4) moves up to the Vitebsk front.

Photos, Pictorial Press

Soviet Scythe Swings South From Kremenchug

WITH BANNER PROUDLY FLYING, Red Army troops march through Kremenchug (1), strong German bridgehead on the left bank of the Dnieper, taken on September 29, 1943, after three days' hard fighting. Soviet tactics included building a pontoon bridge (2) in the darkness and the use of pontoon rafts (3) to ferry artillery across. Twenty days later, on October 19, the Soviet offensive was resumed on a mighty scale ; south-east of Kremenchug (see map) they broke through the German lines, thus exposing to annihilation the enemy forces—estimated at 50 divisions—in the Dnieper bend, in the Melitopol area and in the Crimea.

Photos, News Chronicle, Pictorial Press. Map by courtesy of News Chronicle

Hungary—Axis Hyena—Fears the Reckoning

There is panic in Budapest. The fall of Mussolini, first European statesman to express open sympathy with Hungarian expansionist aspirations, came as a shock to the ruling clique, under Admiral Horthy, who had banked on an Axis victory. HENRY BAERLEIN shows how the Horthy regime, is trying to back out of the war without paying the penalty for its crimes.

His Serene Highness Nicholas Horthy has for a considerable time been very unhappy.

His hawk-like features always remained grim when foreigners expressed their surprise that a country should insist on calling itself a kingdom and all its legations abroad proclaim themselves "Royal Hungarian Legations" although the feudal regime in Budapest insisted that there should be no king but merely a regent, Horthy himself, who is also an admiral in a country which possesses no seaboard. He realized that it is much worse to have no friends.

In the early years of this war he imagined that Germany must win, and he was glad that he had already caused a biggish square in Budapest to bear the name of Hitler.

ADMIRAL NICHOLAS HORTHY, Regent of Hungary, with Ribbentrop, German Foreign Minister, Keitel, Hitler's Chief of Staff, and Bormann, successor to Hess as Deputy Leader of the Nazi Party. All was fair on the Axis horizon when this cheerful picture was taken at Hitler's H.Q. on the Eastern Front. But now Italy has become an Allied co-belligerent and the Russians are decimating the German armies still on Soviet soil. The article in this page discusses how Horthy is facing up to the changed situation. *Photo, Keystone*

This was rather forced upon him, since the finest square of all had already been dedicated to Mussolini. For Italy was the Great Power to which Hungary attached herself; Italy would, it was hoped, restore Hungary to the comparative greatness she enjoyed before the Treaty of Trianon after the last war. Italy would be grateful because Hungary, like Germany, Austria and Albania, had not protested when Abyssinia was invaded.

So, with Italy and Germany at her back—although to have Germany there was not very comfortable—Hungary thought that she could with impunity lose the friendship of her neighbours, even of Yugoslavia, with whom she concluded a treaty of eternal friendship. When the Nazis struck at Yugoslavia, Hungary seized the opportunity of also marching in and murdering many Serbs in cold blood, particularly at Novi Sad. All the Hungarian Premier had to say then was that he was sorry—the troops of his country had a little forgotten themselves.

Czechoslovakia's friendship, too, was lost when, with the little Republic sacrificed to Germany "for the sake of European peace," the Hungarians, most chivalrous hyenas, grabbed what the Germans did not want. However, there was always the friendship with Italy, and this resulted in the Vienna Award whereby Hungary, through Ciano's insistence, was given a great slice of Transylvania populated by far more Rumanians than Hungarians. Germany acquiesced in this transaction on the understanding that a large Hungarian army would go to Russia.

Events in Russia began to undermine Horthy's faith in the German triumph. These doubts were shared by his son and successor-designate, Stefan, who was thereupon invited to visit Hitler at the Eastern front; but on August 20, 1942, it was announced that Stefan had been killed in action. Hitler had not been mollified by the recollection that the Hungarian Government, before his own, had established concentration camps for political opponents and with their "numerus clausus" had blazed the anti-Semitic trail.

It then occurred to Horthy that it would be as well to make some contact with the Allies, and his wife's kinsman, Tibor von Eckhardt, an elegant person, was sent to America, where he had a pronounced success in social circles. However, in the course of a speech devoted to his and Horthy's love for democracy, a former Eckhardt victim mounted the platform and displayed terrible scars on his body, received when confined in a camp of which Horthy's emissary had been the commandant. The unhappy Eckhardt fled to South America!

Admiral Horthy has now found a new exponent of his utterly democratic sentiments, for the world has by now, he hopes, forgotten the many hundreds whom he, as chief of the White Terror, caused to be drowned in the Danube or hanged. His new spokesman, now waiting in Budapest to travel, is one Bornemicza, a lesser nobleman, a member of what they call the "seven-plum-tree nobility." Meanwhile he has been given the status of Minister of Industry.

We are having a foretaste of the speeches that Bornemicza will in due course make to the Allies in The Pester Lloyd, the Government's official mouthpiece. It is declaring that although in 1942 82·17 per cent of Hungary's exports went to the Axis countries, and although she had notably increased her production of iron, steel, bauxite, etc., the goods she sent to Germany had nothing to do with the prosecution of the war. Her railways, says The Pester Lloyd, have been exclusively engaged in the "seasonal transport of grain and timber." Horthy has been wondering whether the tanker-wagons from the Rumanian oilfields, whose continued passage through Hungary is essential for the Nazis, can be made to look like wagons that are carrying grain!

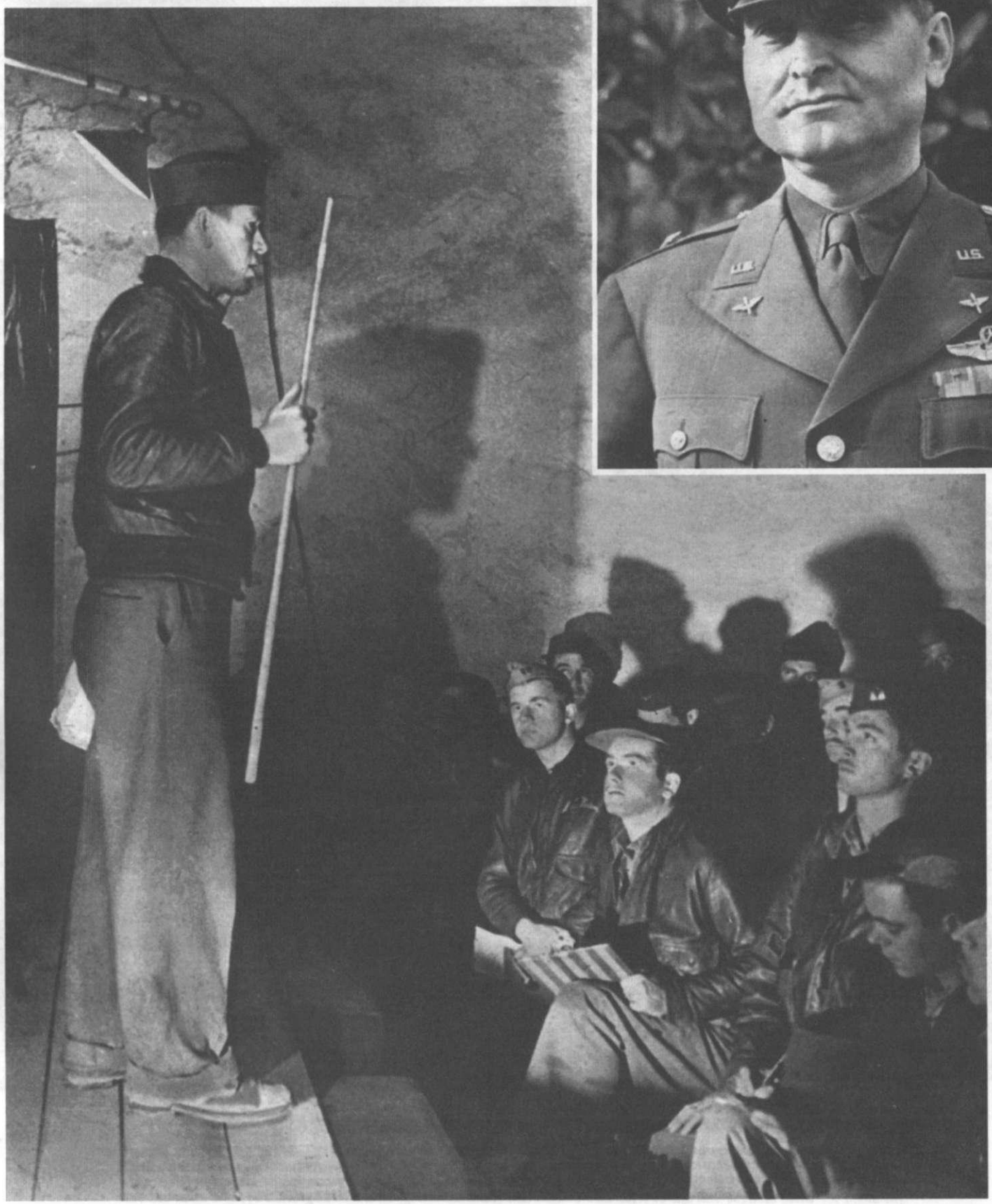
So desperate has the Horthy regime become in its efforts to persuade the Western Democracies of its innocence that it is now using The Népszava, the Social Democratic party's official organ (so often threatened with repression for its outspokenness), and The Népszava, rather astonishingly, has lent itself to this manoeuvre. After forty years of protesting that in this most reactionary of European countries the workers have practically been slaves, The Népszava now asserts that "the workers of Hungary were always in the first ranks of the front of freedom. Therefore, they are entitled to raise their voices for their country and their capital."

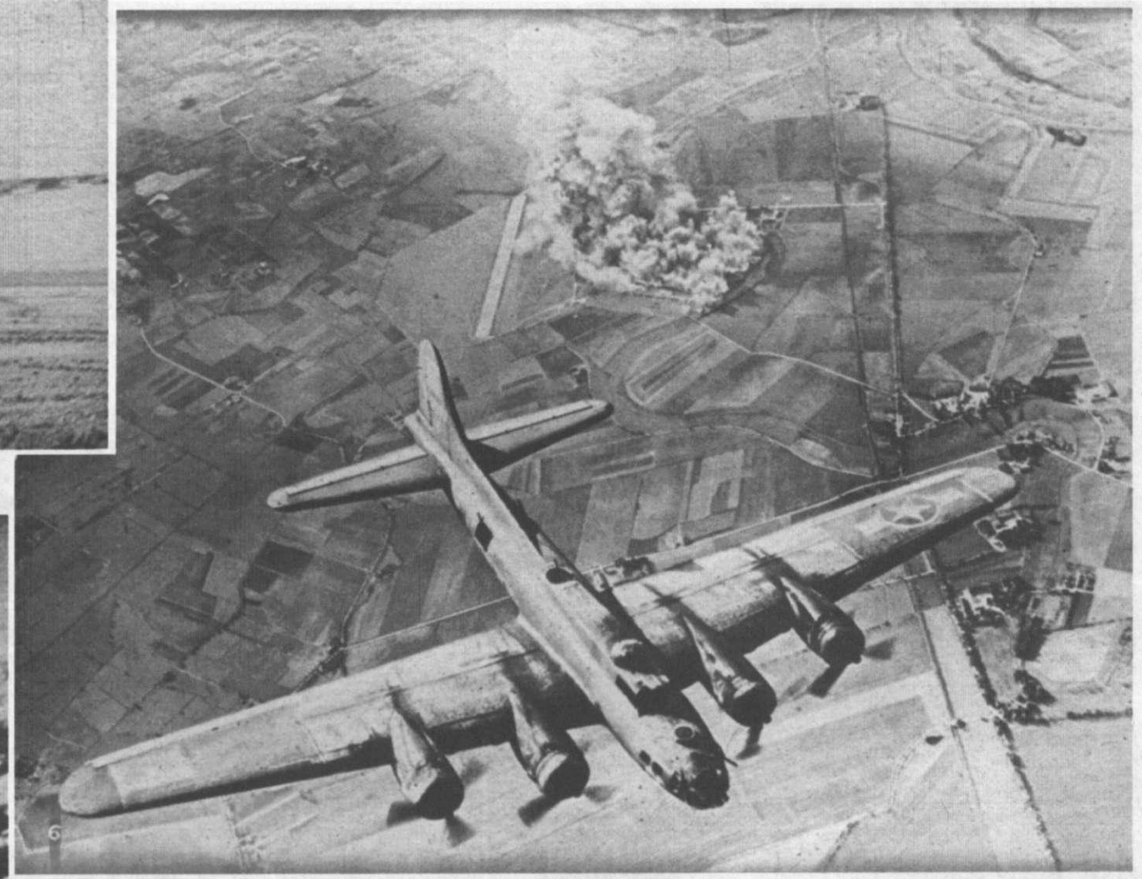
There follows a demand that Budapest, which for the last four years has been humming like a beehive with the production of Nazi-Fascist-Hungarian armaments, has every right to be considered an open city. "The workers desire that this should be understood," says Népszava, "not for the sake of Budapest, but for the sake of Europe, especially Southern Europe." Between the two wars Hungary spent on airing her grievances, sums so vast that if she had diverted even a quarter of them to social purposes her governing classes would now have to face far less internal discontent, of which Népszava until recently was such a clamorous voice.

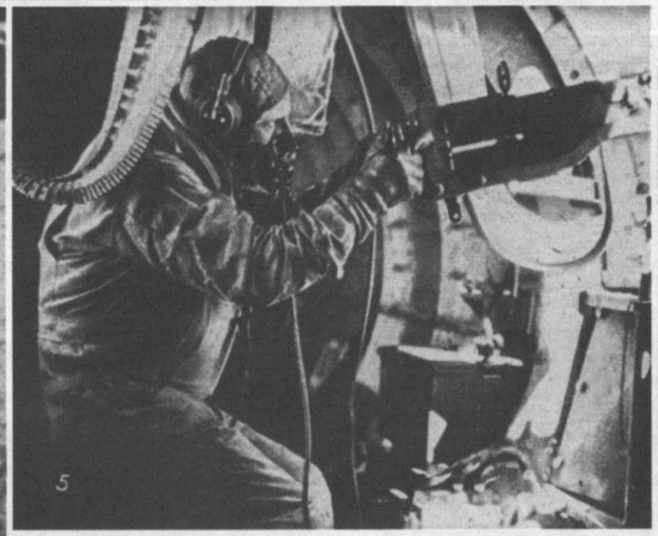
The 2,500,000 landless peasants, who live in shameful conditions, are still well aware of the Agrarian Reform that was introduced in the Succession States, making the Hungarians who remained in those regions far better off than those still included in the realm of St. Stephen. They are also aware that the secret ballot, practised in only some Hungarian towns, was opposed by the ruling classes, including Count Bethlen, who during 1921-31 held office and hopes to do so again. So as Admiral Horthy tries to steer the Hungarian ship of state he will probably have to call to his side various leaders of the Peasants' Party, and Peyer, head of the Social Democratic opposition. Whether it will then be possible to prevent a German occupation of the country remains to be seen.

Prelude to a Fortress Raid

"To destroy factories and transport and weapons of the Germans so that our invasion casualties will be cut down" is the "stern assignment" outlined for this winter by Lieut.-Gen. Ira C. Eaker (right), commanding United States Army Eighth Air Force. Four-engined Flying Fortresses are already operating with deadly effect to that end, their daring daylight raids fitting admirably into the Allied round-the-clock programme designed to give the Nazis minimum rest from punishment. Below, a Fortress crew listens intently to last-minute instructions before setting out to the distant target.







Take-off at Dawn for the Day's Stern Task

Preliminaries completed, Fortresses await the arrival of trailers laden with one-ton bombs (1). With their loads aboard, one by one the great engines of destruction head down the runway (2) for the take-off. Airborne (3), each takes up its appointed position in the formation, which is soon above the clouds (4) and headed for a German industrial centre—without an advance-guard of planes mounting anti-aircraft guns, as the Nazis fancifully declare!

Photos, U.S. Offici... Pictorial Press, New York ...nes

Dead on the Target the Bombs Rain Down

Enemy planes sighted, a Fortress waist-gunner goes into action (5) and at least one would-be interferer is blasted out of the skies. Five miles above the target an oxygen-masked bombardier (7) calls over the intercom, "Bombs away!" A glance downward, and he gives the American counterpart of the thumbs-up sign. Smoke and flames from the target—the 100-acres FW 190 factory at Marienburg, 200 miles beyond Berlin—soar high as the last Fortress turns for home (6).

Homeward Bound With Headline News

Photos, Associated Press, Keystone

Success of the day's operations will be added to the achievement on October 8, 1943, date of the great Bremen raid, when 855 planes were employed, air crews numbered over 5,000 men, and 1,116 tons of bombs were dropped; the planes used 1,000,000 gallons of petrol and 25,000 gallons of oil, and together flew 8,500 miles. Fortresses returning (1)—with an escorting Thunderbolt fighter below—" peel off " for landing over a British Stirling bomber which raided Germany overnight (2); a crew indicate smilingly (3) that no casualty is to be regretted, whilst one displays his armoured apron (left).

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

WHY do the Germans make war more capably than other nations? If you doubt the accuracy of the statement that they do, I appeal to Capt. Cyril Falls. He is military correspondent of The Times, a recognized authority, one of the best of our war commentators. In his new book, Ordeal by Battle (Methuen, 6s.), he takes up this position all through.

It is not entirely, not indeed chiefly, about the operations and campaigns of the past four years that he has written. "I have," he says, "maintained my resolution to write of 'war' rather than purely of 'the war' or even of 'modern war.'" His object is to "combat the theory that there is no utility in considering the past, and that the present war may be divorced from all past wars or from war as a whole." It would not be unfair, I think, to credit him with the ambition, reasonable and in his circumstances praiseworthy, that the volume may be used as a text-book to educate officers for future wars.

He does not want wars in the future. He is aware that "if we do not master war it may end in throwing the whole world into chaos, so great has now become its disruptive strength." He sees that the barriers still existing between total war and total barbarism are few and flimsy. They may have to be broken down by dire necessity. If they are, "so much the worse." Capt. Falls is no Blimp. He does not consider war either desirable or unavoidable. But it is plain that he is not very hopeful about the prospect of chaos and eclipsed civilization being taken to heart after this war any more than it was between 1919 and 1939. There are now, as there were at the beginning of that period, "high, even extravagant hopes" of lasting peace. Again "the folly of mankind may cause the warning to be disobeyed and forgotten." We must, therefore, he evidently thinks, prepare ourselves for wars to come, and the best way to do that in his opinion is to study those of the past, including that which is now in its fifth year and has caused us so many staggering surprises.

THE German generals have not shared in those surprises. They prepared them. The reason why they were prepared so skilfully and so often succeeded is, Capt. Falls says, that they were "permeated by and grounded in the thought of Clausewitz." At a certain stage of the French Revolution Danton said to Robespierre, who was getting up a tremendous ceremony of worship to a new kind of Almighty God invented by himself: "You are beginning to bore me with your Supreme Being." I confess that Capt. Falls begins to bore me at times with his Clausewitz. It would be foolish to deny that the German military historian brought to bear on his subject a first-class brain. But has he really very much to teach us today about the winning of battles?

Capt. Falls says "Yes." He maintains that "it is the grounding of Germans in the philosophy of war which has rendered modern Germany so formidable a warrior nation, which has enabled German military thinkers to analyse so much more thoroughly than any others the First World War and to develop from it—by realizing exactly what it was and why—a new form of warfare." But the belief that we must attribute German cleverness in planning battles to philosophy—the very idea that there can be a philosophy of war—seems to be blown sky-high by two short sayings of two of the world's most competent war-makers.

NAPOLEON said the secret of success was to have one more man than the other side. Wellington said you could always win a battle "if you knew what was going on behind that hill over there."

What they meant was that greater numbers and a perfect Intelligence system were the essentials in the warfare of their time. That

Background of the Battle Fronts

time was a good deal more than a century ago, but one of Capt. Falls's assumptions is that in all ages battles have been won or lost in much the same ways. So if what Napoleon and Wellington said were true, it must still be true now. Rommel, admittedly an extremely able commander, was beaten because we had more armour and more men. In the last war Ludendorff had his Clausewitz by heart; intellectually he was miles ahead of Foch and Haig, who beat him because they had good information about the state of mind of the Germans, including the army, and struck just at the right moment to topple over the swaying enemy morale.

Furthermore, if all war is, as Capt. Falls admits, a gamble, what can philosophy have to do with it?

Just as the poker player who never takes a risk will never have a good win, so the commander who consistently plays for safety will lose opportunity after opportunity. Failure to gamble on occasion may indeed involve more than such negative disadvantages; it may lead to positive misfortunes.

Many books have been written about whist. There is, one might say, a philosophy of whist. But I never saw any book that claimed to offer a philosophy of poker. Nor can this notion of a "philosophy of war" square with one of Clausewitz's pet reflections. He spoke of Friction being an element of chance which was potent in war. He meant by Friction unforeseen accidents, uncontrollable forces. Among the latter he listed Weather. Nowadays, says Capt. Falls, this has been fully recognized and the weather is studied scientifically.

The combatants will endeavour to receive reports and prognostications from stations many hundreds of miles from the scene of action, and each will strive to prevent their reaching the other. Yet still a shift in the wind may upset the best-laid plans and change the fate of great battles.

Or else "the breakdown of a vehicle which blocks a road through a cutting, the loss of a message, or the death of a leader at a critical moment, may seriously affect the conduct of an operation."

No matter how steeped in Clausewitz the German generals may be, they are not able to learn from him how to fight Nature, nor does he teach them how to insure against chance mishaps which may spoil plans carefully laid in accordance with the best principles.

That these principles might be studied by British staff officers more than in the past can readily be conceded. When the Germans drove us back in Libya during the early summer of last year, they employed the "accepted German framework" of methods. British commanders might have parried their thrusts if they had recognized them for what they were. That they did not do so "was due to lack of study of the material which was ready to their hands." There we have the reason, never officially stated, for the change made by Mr. Churchill in the commands of the 8th Army and the whole Desert Force.

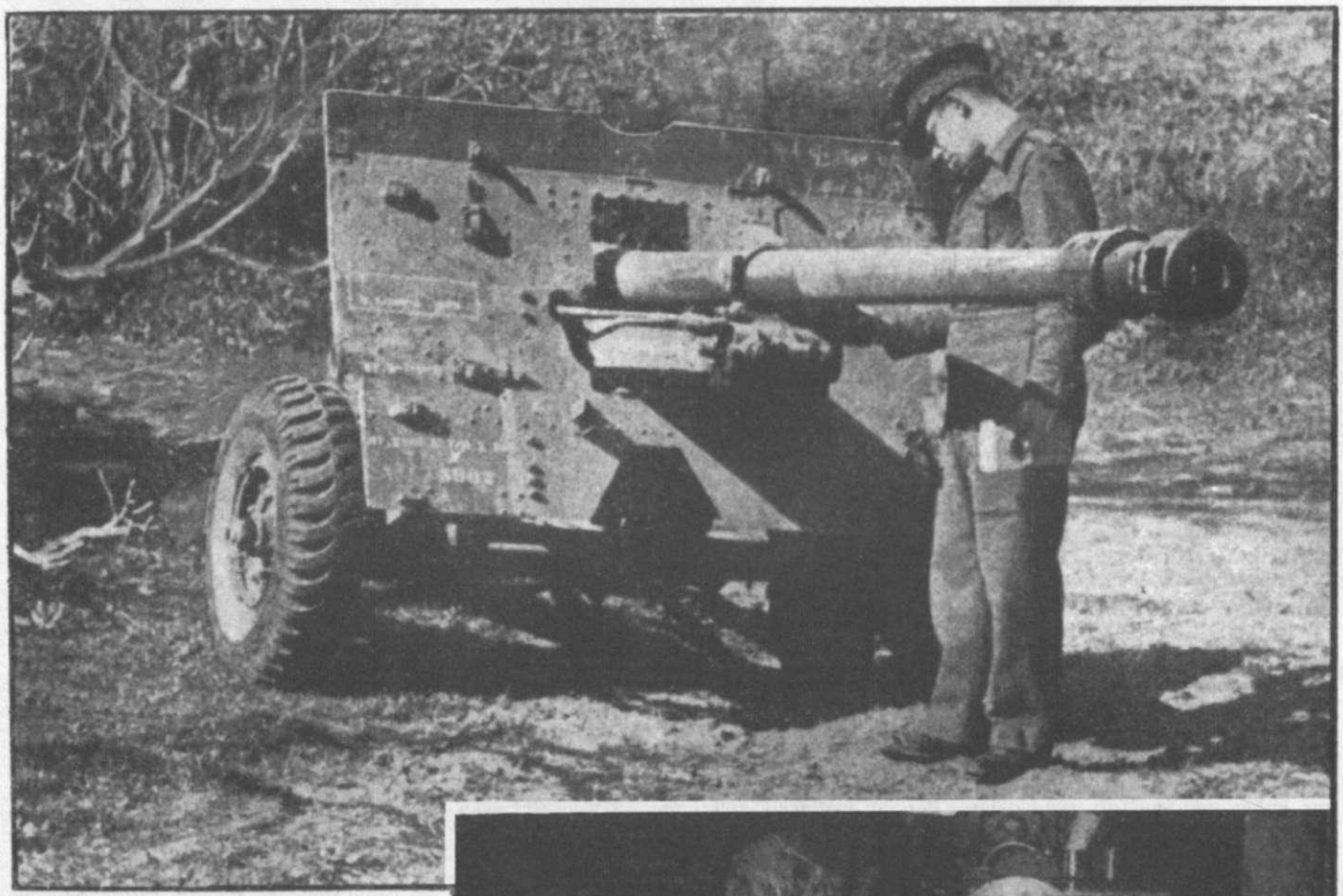
AGAIN Capt. Falls regrets that some of our generals are not yet accustomed to making quick changes of plan while moving at speed. The greatly increased rapidity of movement in the field puts a strain on "the soldier of past wars who has been used to making up his mind and commanding while moving at a fraction of the present speed."

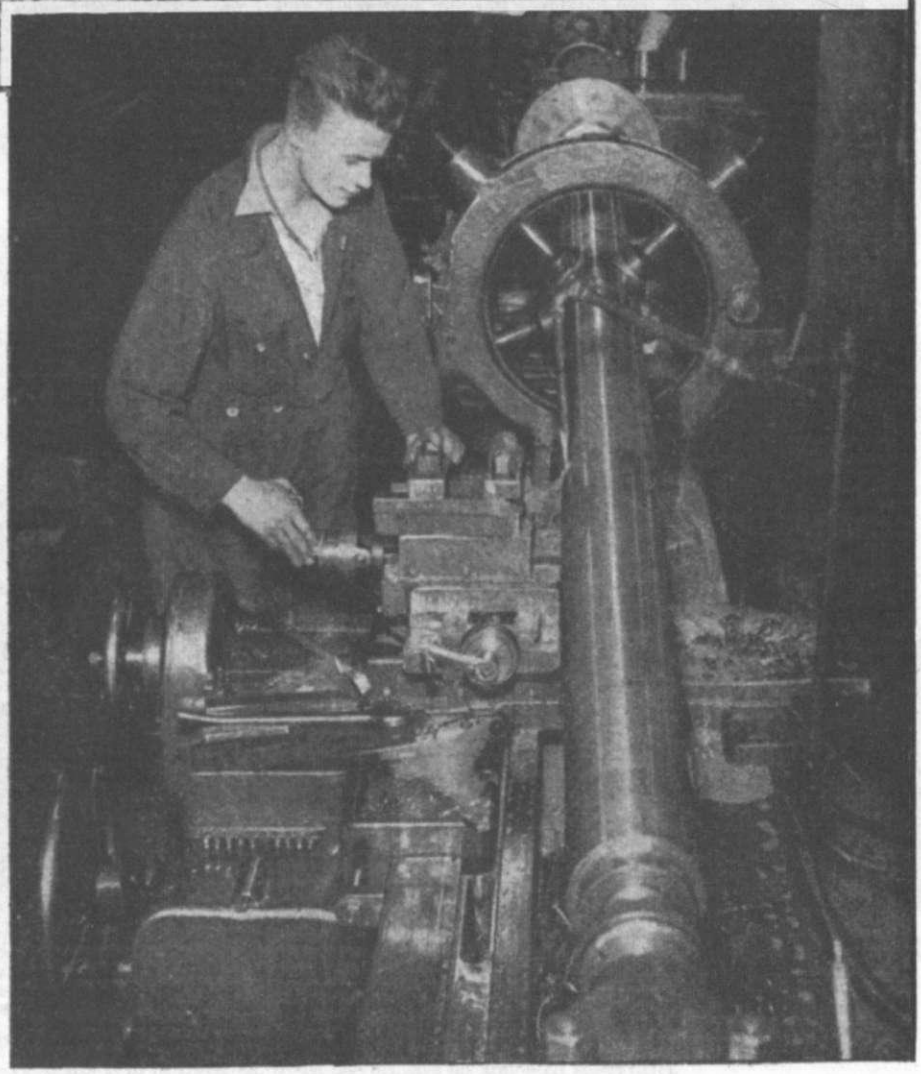
How many of us, driven through unknown country and seeking one turning among many, have cursed the impetuous chauffeur who would not slow down enough for us to collect our thoughts or pick out the correct road on the map. With a few more seconds we should be sure of it—at the pace he goes we are in doubt.

That is a brilliant example of what theologians call "exegesis"—interpretation, making plain. Everybody can see from it how a general, with his troops either advancing or retreating at a speed he never dreamed of when he was a young soldier, is liable to get flustered and to find the making of rapid decisions very difficult. It is Capt. Falls's outstanding merit that he writes in a way all can understand. He drives home the need for more flexibility both in our large aims and our methods of achieving them with homely illustrations that make his meaning perfectly clear.

FIELD-MARSHAL ERICH ROMMEL. A "tough, hard man," according to his former prisoner, Maj-Gen. H. B. Klopper (see p. 351), he is typical of the Nazi school of able, ruthless commanders who, steeped in the teachings of Clausewitz, made the word "blitzkrieg" a reality. Rommel is seen here arriving at Salonika to review his troops, before he was transferred to Northern Italy. *Photo, Keystone*

Our 17-Pounder Anti-Tank Gun Kills 'Tigers'





TERROR OF 'THE TIGER,' Germany's mammoth tank, is the British 17-pounder gun (above), whose long barrel is being finish-turned (below, right) in a Ministry of Supply armament factory.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

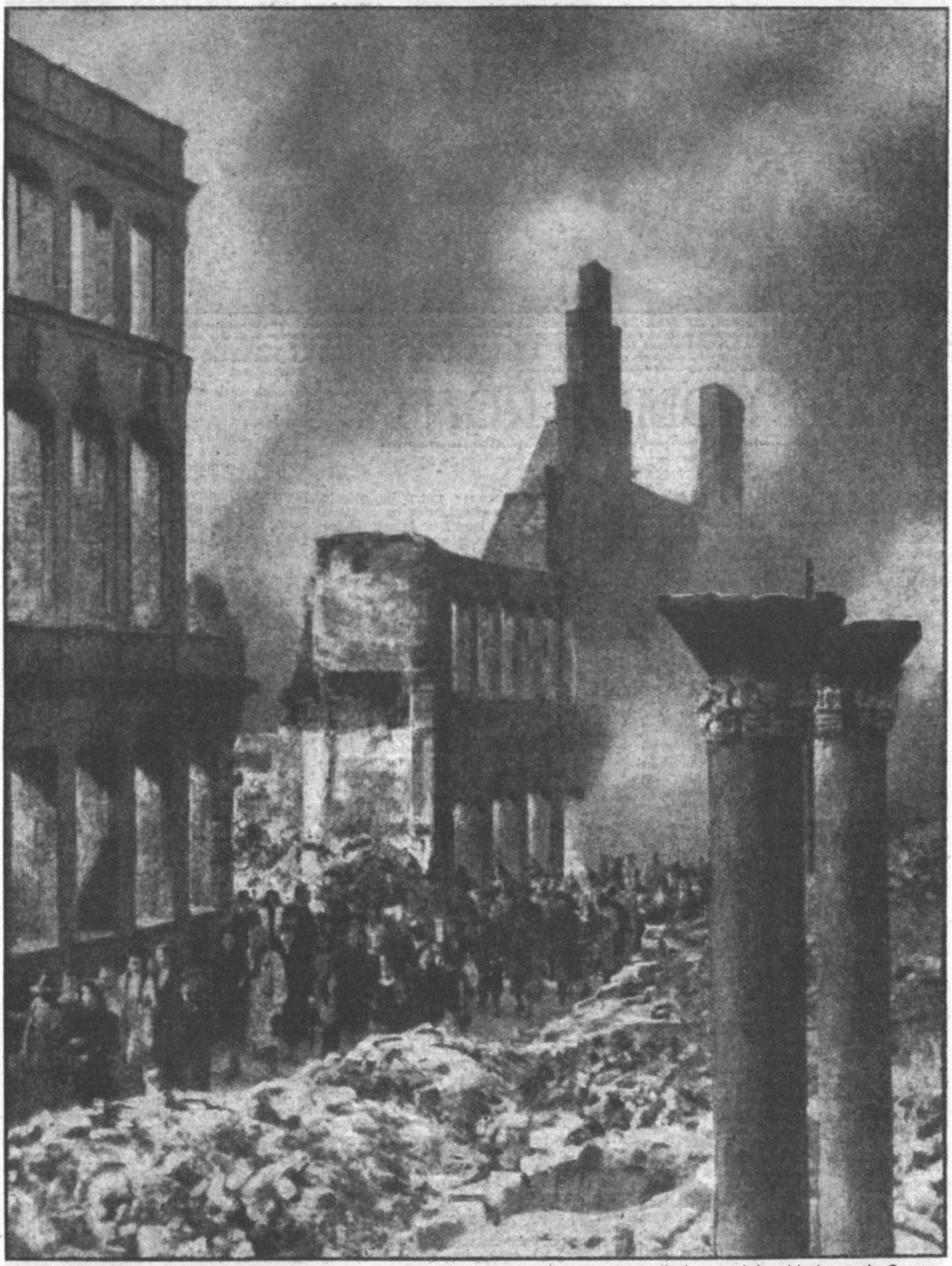
ASTONISHING ACCURACY is one of the special points of Britain's 17-pounder anti-tank gun, designed in 1941 to counter the heavier German tanks which War Office experts then anticipated. It has proved its great worth in the Mediterranean theatre of operations. It can knock out the most heavily armoured enemy tanks at 1,000 yards range. It is the complete answer to the formidable German "Tiger."

First in action in the Western Desert and North Africa in the early part of 1943, recent reports tell of its successful use in the Termoli (Italy) fighting. While normally it would take two years to produce a gun of this type from the time its manufacture was decided on, the Ministry of Supply achieved the miracle of producing the first specimen in only five months. Since then the 17-pounder has been in large-scale production and there are now enough in service to meet all present requirements. Mr. Makin. Australian Minister for Munitions, announced on October 11 that it is also in production in Australia.

The 17-pounder measures just over 24 feet from muzzle to end of trail. It has a semi-automatic breech action which makes it possible to maintain a very high rate of fire, and it is fitted with a muzzle "brake" which absorbs much of the recoil and stabilizes the carriage. It fires "fixed" ammunition—the shell and cartridge are fitted together, as in the case of a rifle cartridge and bullet.

There is widespread testimony to its exceptional accuracy and it has been called "a magnificent tank killer." Strangely enough, the 17-pounder first went into action on the same day as the new German tank with which it was designed to deal. The first report received stated, "Seventeen-pounder had only once been fired in anger and on that occasion the third shot blew the turret off the tank at about 1,500 yards. It is said that the sole remaining occupant realized something had hit him but could not make out what it was!"

These Are Days of Reckoning in Nazi Germany



THIS GRIM PROCESSION passing along a ruin-lined street in northern Germany illustrates the retribution now being visited upon the German people for such atrocities as Rotterdam and Coventry, perpetrated by the leaders they elected and still maintain in power. Homeless, hopeless, but still dumbly obedient, these bombed-out citizens trek to what they are told will be sanctuary. But as the Allied Nations' bombing range and power grow daily, fewer places remain where such devastation as this is not possible.

Photo, Keystone

AIRCRAFT FACTORY 'COUNCIL OF WAR' in session at a plant which turns out Lancaster bombers. The manager, Mr. A. Ainsworth, seen at the head of the table, with his foremen and members of various works committees elected by their mates, confer each day on how best to increase production in order to satisfy the R.A.F.'s demand for more and yet more machines for the pounding of Germany. To such conferences are brought all the problems—of labour, materials, methods of production—that inevitably arise almost hourly in a great and busy concern. Solutions are found by the pooling of opinions based upon up-to-the-minute information. *Photo, Fox*

THE HOME FRONT

by E. Royston Pike

OF our prison population of about 13,000 rather more than half are now doing useful work for the War effort. This eminently satisfactory fact was revealed by the Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Morrison, in a recent talk at the Ministry of Information. The prison workshops are as busy as can be. In the four years ended last March a range of 160 articles, some seven million units, was undertaken by prisoners for the fighting services; the value of this output was about £920,000. In addition, a range of 240 articles, with an output of nine million units, was undertaken for other Government departments, representing a value of nearly £2,000,000, and there was the normal very large output of clothing, furniture, and other prison stores.

As farmers, too, the men and youths in prisons and Borstal have done splendidly. Some 5,000 acres are now under their cultivation; and as well as providing nearly the whole of the vegetables required for the prisons and Borstal institutions, national food production has been helped to the extent of 8,200 head of cattle, 2,400 tons of fruit, 600 tons of sugar beet, and 60 tons of tomatoes. A party of convicts from one prison has been employed during the past year on War Office land some distance from the prison making military roads, etc., thereby saving many thousand man-hours of soldiers' time. Boys from a Borstal institution have been similarly engaged on work for the Army and Navy. In 1940 they worked many a time under machine-gun fire from enemy planes and suffered some casualties. But they carried on, and the degaussing apparatus that they produced sufficed to fit out 325 ships. Nor have the Borstal girls been behindhand; the nimble fingers which in peacetime were sometimes a little too clever are now engaged in making parts for planes and tanks.

DO you know what the Fiduciary Issue is? In an explanation issued on the occasion of the Issue being raised to the new highest level of £1,050 millions the Bank of England tells us that it is the total of the notes which the Bank of England is authorized by Parliament to issue against Government debt and securities, as distinguished from notes issued against gold (precious few nowadays!). One reason for the latest increase is the carrying of unnecessary notes by private individuals. Notes should not be hoarded but paid into a bank. "Many minor tragedies (we are told) occur every year through the loss or destruction of hoarded notes; and on grounds of safety alone, it is in every one's interest to pay all the money they do not require for immediate use into a bank or savings bank."

But hoarding is not a complete answer to the question, Where do the notes go to? The amount in the bank tills is known, and also the amount paid out in wages weekly. The amounts in the shopkeepers' tills, in the pockets of the people, and used as petty cash by business houses, are also capable of approximate estimation. But the difference between all these added together and the amount of notes in circulation is far too large to be accounted for by "hoarding." Where are the missing notes? It sounds like a financial thriller; and indeed, if we could give a proper answer to the question we should be led into many an exciting by-path of strange and occasionally nefarious activity in wartime.

Still the coal situation is the only piece of Home Front news to claim the right to appear on the front page of the newspapers side by side with latest cables about the fierce struggles on the Dnieper and the Volturno. Early in October the Ministry of Fuel asked the Mineworkers' Federation to agree to the working of a full Saturday shift each week in every coalfield, to make arrangements to ensure that the coal face should be cleared at the end of every shift so that the new shift can start without delay, and to agree that, in certain circumstances, a coal-getting shift should be put on one Sunday in four. The miners' leaders received these suggestions coldly enough. They estimate that 4,200,000 tons a week is the minimum output required to meet the nation's needs, and that 3,750,000 tons is the maximum that may be expected from the industry under existing conditions. With the present man-power of approximately 705,000, producing at the rate of 5½ tons for each person a week, an additional 85,000 men would be required to produce the extra 450,000 tons a week. But the Federation is of the opinion that it is impossible to raise the man-power above 720,000, with a liability to make good the wastage of 30,000 a year.

Given 720,000 men, could the industry increase their weekly output by 10 cwt. for each worker? Yes, says the Federation—provided that the Government assumes full financial and operational control of the mines, so that colliery managers and technicians may become the direct servants of the State; that pit committees are strengthened; that mechanization is accelerated and equipment improved; and that the minimum wage for men working underground shall be £6 a week, and for adult surface workers, £5 10s. (The present minima are 83s. and 78s. respectively.)

For two days (October 12 and 13) the House of Commons debated the situation. Major Lloyd George, Minister of Fuel and Power, stated that though 60,000 ex-miners had been returned to the mines—48,000 from industry, 9,600 from the Army, and about 1,600 from the R.A.F.—and a considerable number of volunteers had come forward, it was clear that it would now be necessary to call men up for the mines just as they were called up for the armed forces. Mr. Will Lawson, most prominent of the miner M.P.s, alleged that the extent to which miners had been kept in the forces doing practically nothing was a scandal; he knew of miners who had done little beyond peeling potatoes and cutting grass . . . The real truth of the matter was that the miners had lost confidence in the future of the industry.

ON the second day of the debate Mr. Churchill himself defended the Government's policy. There could be no nationalization of the mines without a general election, he said, and that would be harmful to the war effort. He refused to take a gloomy view of the outlook. "We survived last winter; not a single factory has had to stop for lack of fuel, and our stocks are higher now than last year. We are told of the great unrest in the mining industry. I think that is a little unjust to the miners. Only 750,000 tons of coal have been lost during the last 12 months by strikes, out of upwards of 200,000,000 that have been produced. Loss by strikes and stoppages has been not more than two-thirds of half of one per cent." As the House looked puzzled, the Premier went on:

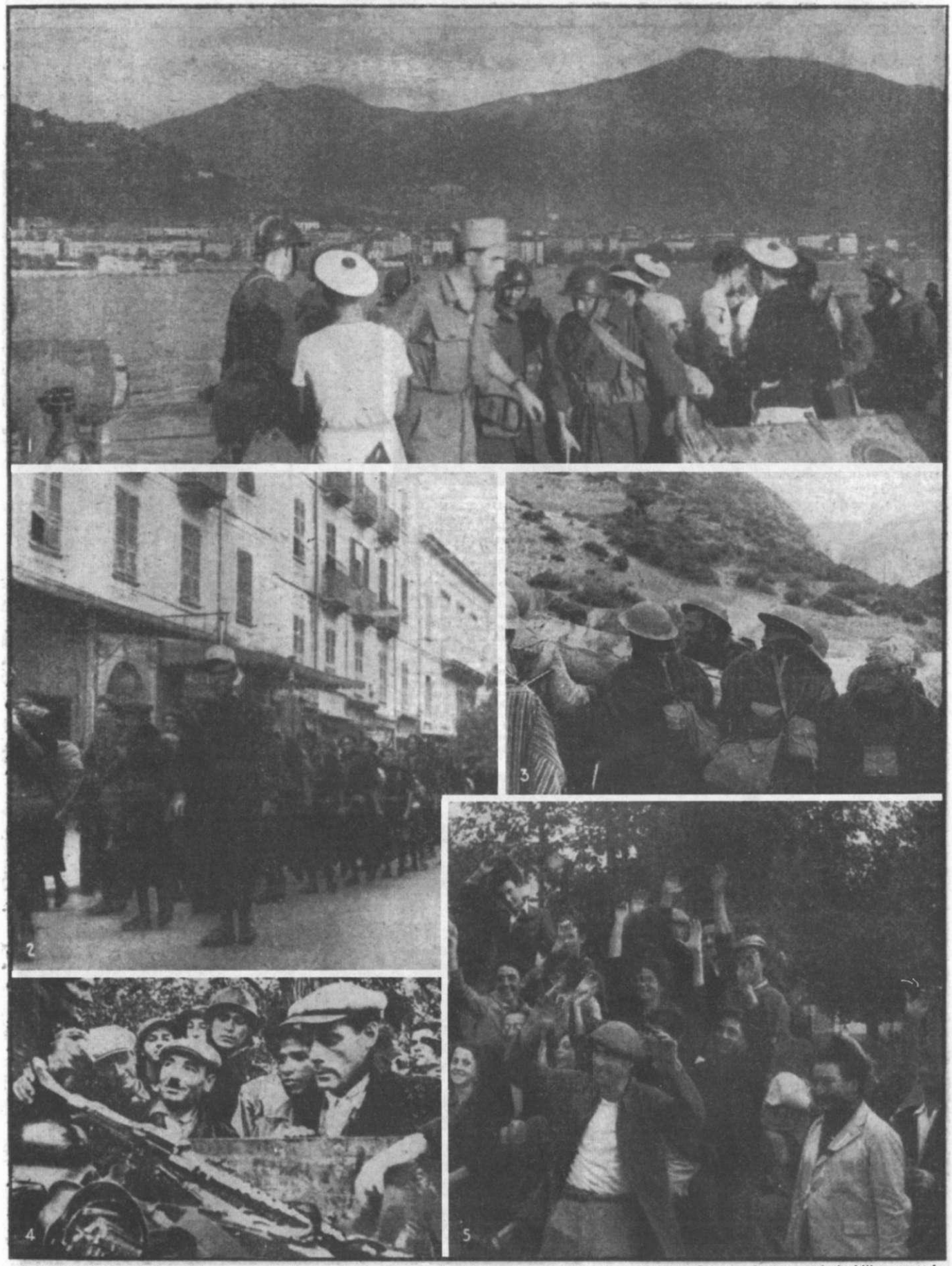
"If you like, make it ·05—two-thirds of ·05 . . ." But then, since the matter was still not clear, Mr. Churchill turned to his colleagues, and in an aside that all could hear asked, "That's right, isn't it? Neither I nor my father was ever any good at figures." The House roared its appreciation, recalling the oft-told story of Lord Randolph Churchill's query, "What's the meaning of these damned dots?" made when he, forty years before his son, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. So in a spate of good humour the coal situation was left where it was—in the hands of the consumer.

They Put Up Flak that Rakes London's Skies

BOFORS GUN CREW (3) is just one of the many who put up London's deadly flak barrage against Nazi intruders. Sited on the outskirts of the capital amid fields, their noisy activities are now such a commonplace to the cattle (1) that these munch placidly as the gun crew get to work on their elevated concrete platform. Contact with other posts is maintained by telephone: an officer makes a communication (2) while above him the spotter scans the sky for enemy aircraft. This post is on the bank of a river, and supplies must be ferried across to it (4) and carried up the steep flight of steps.

Photos, Sport & General

With Giraud's Men in Emancipated Corsica



CORSICA WAS FREED by island patriots aided by landings of French and American Commandos. Seaborne Commandos approach the hill-protected harbour of Ajaccio, the capital (1), the streets of which, by September 20, 1943, were resounding to the tramp of Goums (2), desert-trained Algerian warriors. Anti-tank obstacles had to be removed (3) to permit the advance of Gen. Giraud's men. The Germans abandoned much armour (4). Patrimonio citizens (5) greet their liberators. See also page 344.

Photos, Service Cinématographique de l'Armée, U.S. Official

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

My Battlefront Tour With Gen. Clark in Italy

Before the crash of battle resounded along the Volturno front (the big "push" commenced on October 12, 1943), Noel Monks, war reporter for the Combined British Press, accompanied Gen. Mark Clark, C.-in-C. 5th Army, on a brisk tour of inspection. Here is Monk's revealing story.

CLARK had already been up two hours, breakfasting and attending to multitudinous routine affairs connected with the Fifth Army, when I called at his tent at 8 a.m. He always insists that his Headquarters be housed under canvas during a campaign, no matter what town or city happens to be occupied, in preference to luxury hotels or buildings with modern conveniences, his axiom being "Live hard and be hard. War is a hard thing."

Before we climbed into the open jeep which carries Clark's three stars of rank on a plate in front, the General introduced me to his military policemen, "Limey," British army, and "Yank," U.S. army, who always precede the General in a jeep, clearing traffic and checking doubtful roads. Both were six feet, and the familiar "Red Cap" was wearing U.S. sergeant's stripes, while the American M.P. wore three British stripes. "They trade stripes just to show there's no rivalry between them," I was told. Clark proudly proclaimed them to be "the best two M.P.s in the business."

After a few brisk last minutes with his Chief of Staff, ever-smiling, alert-minded Major-General Gruenther, U.S. Army, we set off for the front. The sun was shining after two days of incessant rain, and the General was impatient to give the order that would start the Fifth Army on its way across the muddy Volturno. This would be one of his last visits to the front before issuing that order, setting in motion the operation that would be a real test of his leadership in getting his Army across the river that through the centuries has caused many militarists, including Hannibal and Garibaldi, to have sleepless nights.

Gen. MARK CLARK, C.-in-C. of the Anglo-American 5th Army in Italy, whose brilliant generalship resulted in the Volturno River victory after five days' bitter fighting, October 12-17, 1943. See story in this page. *Photo, British Official*

After weeks of fighting my way past endless convoys to the front, the drive to our first stop, a British Command Post, was a distinct pleasure. The Anglo-American M.P. team in front cleared everything in our path. Driving through British sections Limey would take control, and in American sections Yank held sway. They made a perfect team—just another unit in this Fifth Army that has been welded into one grand fighting outfit.

A British General was surprised to see a war correspondent leap from the jeep alongside the C.-in-C., and eyed me suspiciously, but in his easy boyish manner Clark included me in his confidence with a wave of his long arm, and the two Generals went into conference. It was a brief conference, and Clark returned to the jeep. The driver had the engine running as soon as he caught sight of the General's figure emerging from the tent.

WE were well up towards the Volturno front now, and salutes came by the score as we sped along the road that a week ago, when I first travelled over it, was heavily mined. Many mines were still there and Tommies clearing them paused to salute their American chief, while Doughboys repairing the demolished canal-passes saluted, with mud falling like scales from their hands. The General returned all salutes. At times he relieved cramp in his long legs by stretching them across the bonnet of the jeep.

The next post we visited was only two miles behind the front line, and after the usual conference the General came striding to his jeep with "Now for a climb. We are going up to an observation post on the top of the mountain here. I want to get an actual picture of this crossing in my mind." We had to park our jeeps after our short drive. It was a climb all right. An officer told us shells had been falling around the post not long before our arrival.

Clark pushed on up the steep incline as though he hadn't heard. Half-way up he pointed across to an adjoining mountain where a large house stood out clearly against the skyline. "I suppose the Germans are in there." The officer grinned and said, "Yes, sir." We were within easy rifle fire. From the observation post the Volturno Valley lay directly beneath us. The post itself actually protruded over no man's land. We had five flights of stairs to climb on top of the mountain, but Clark spoke with even breath to three Generals awaiting him. "A grand spot you've got here, by golly!" he said.

Pte. WILLIAM REILLY, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, only known survivor of three soldiers of a North Country regiment who escaped from Cos by swimming to another island. Reilly tells his story below. *Photo, G.P.U.*

The battle area for the forthcoming crossing of the Volturno lay before us as perfectly and as clearly as though we had a complete scale model in a room. Super-lensed glasses brought details startlingly close. Each General pointed out to Clark where his particular command was going to attack. The Volturno wound like a light brown scarf down the valley. From the observation post the whole operation looked as though it would be the easiest thing in the world. There was no sign of life in the valley. Everything was still and quiet. Clark turned and remarked to me, "There's no place in the world quieter than a battlefield—before battle." One of his generals said, "There'll be a heap of noise down there soon, sir."

One of the observation officers pointed out to us enemy machine-gun positions across the river, also some trenches that seemed to be occupied by troops. The officer told me that just before we arrived he ordered a couple of rounds of artillery fire on a suspicious-looking haystack a half-mile back from the river bank. Shells fell close enough to set the stack on fire—and sure enough a German "Tiger" tank suddenly emerged from the smoke and went careering down the valley. After a long searching look from the post, Clark remarked to me, "Wouldn't Mister Churchill be tickled to death to be up here! Trouble is, we'd never get him down—at least, not until the battle was over!" It certainly was an O.P. to delight the heart of a military strategist. In farewell to his generals, Clark said, "Hit them hard, boys—damned hard!" With one voice they eased his mind on that score!

I Swam For 22 Hours to Escape From Cos

After German reinforcements had landed on the island of Cos, in the Dodecanese, twenty-four-year-old Private William Reilly made an extraordinary last-minute escape. His remarkable story, as he told it to Norman Smart, is given here by arrangement with The Daily Express.

WHEN out of ammunition, Reilly and two other soldiers of a North Country regiment decided to swim for it rather than be captured. Reilly, who is in hospital suffering from exhaustion, told me three of them started swimming at 6 p.m. on October 5. One of the men could hardly swim, but he managed to keep going for seven hours, and then the other two lost sight of him. The man remaining with Reilly kept going by hanging on to a door—found on the seashore—which he pushed before him. They swam for a point between two lighthouses. Reilly continues the story in his own words.

"The other man got cramp, and the last I saw of him he was shouting to a small boat for assistance. I went on, doing every kind of stroke I could think of—sometimes just resting on my back—until I reached a rock at noon.

"I was so exhausted I just fell asleep. When I awoke it was nine o'clock and the moon was up.

"I could see the land. It seemed only about 400 yards away. Had I known it was a mile and a half I don't think I should have tried it.

"But I pushed off again, and at 1 a.m. I reached the beach and fell asleep again. I awoke at sunrise, and walked about two miles over rocks which cut my feet up, until I got help."

PRESENTATION OF RELICS OF AN ME 109G, by the G.O.C. Anti-Aircraft Command, Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, as souvenirs to Major A. M. Stuart (centre) and Major E. B. Williams (right), whose batteries brought it down at Portsmouth, on August 16, 1943. Major Stuart's own story of the brilliant forty-seconds action is given below. *Photo, Central Press*

We Smashed a German Spy Plane 7 Miles Up

Here is the story (world copyright) of the recent destruction of an Me109G, Germany's latest spy plane. It is told by Major A. M. Stuart, R.A., who commands one of the two A.A. batteries responsible for this splendid achievement. See souvenir-presentation photograph above.

SIRENS were howling as the gunners and A.T.S. girls jumped to action posts around the four 4·5 guns. It was 6.25 p.m., a fine, late-summer day; not a cloud in the deep blue sky, not a ripple on the wide stretch of Channel beyond Portsmouth Harbour and naval base.

I saw a far thin wisp of white vapour very high up. Lt. Bob Dowling, my Gun Position Officer, had his binoculars turned that way. He told me that one of the enemy trio coming in was an Me109G. This was exciting news. The Me109G was—and is—the Luftwaffe's latest, smallest, and swiftest plane. Fitted with racks to carry two 500-lb. bombs, it could fly at more than 400 miles an hour.

But this one had maybe 20 m.p.h. more speed, for it carried no bombs. In its slim belly, Zeiss lens down, was a reconnaissance camera. It was a spy plane, escorted by two heavily-armed Focke-Wulf 190s. If it got away it would carry back a beautifully detailed panorama picture of the Portsmouth naval base and everything in and around it.

From the Command Post came a yell. "On target!" We had the height. It was terrific. Thirty-six thousand feet—seven miles up. Guns had shot at planes flying at that sub-stratosphere height before. None had ever scored a hit for the record. Voices bawled and repeated the fuse number. The fuse caps on the noses of the 86-lb. rounds were twisted to near the extreme limit of range.

"Fire!" The guns crashed, the shells screamed away, flying up seven times faster than the target plane was flying along.

We were shooting approximately five miles ahead of the target. What we calculated was that the spy plane and at least one of the shells would collide neatly at that rendezvous. Our shells would reach the spot 40 seconds after leaving the guns.

I SAW the first shell-bursts make a perfect chequer-board pattern into which the target plane seemed to be flying. The second flock exploded in tiny white puffs ahead of the first.

It smeared, and the smear was turning dark. A flicker of orange fire jetted out of it. And the vapour trail turned down, and it was black now. The spy plane was falling, a smoking wreck, to earth.

The gun action had lasted less than a minute. But into those 40 odd seconds was packed the training of years for the oldest members of the integrated gun team, and twelve months at least for the youngest.

I Was In Singapore When the Japanese Swooped

This story of dreadful last days on the invaded island of Singapore has been specially written for "The War Illustrated" by Flying Officer William Furneaux, Royal Australian Air Force. At the time of the incidents narrated he was a member of the Malayan Volunteer Air Force, attached to the R.A.F. He left with other evacuees two days before the island capitulated on February 15, 1942.

AFTER being bombed out of our Singapore airport my unit was stationed at the Bukit Timah racecourse, where we were unmolested from the air. But when Tengah aerodrome, a few miles away, was attacked we seemed to be right in the circuit of low-flying Japanese aircraft operating against it, and it was a marvel they did not notice our planes and attack us, but we had hidden them well among the trees.

About the time the Johore Causeway (linking Singapore Island to the Malay Peninsula) was blown up, we, the M.V.A.F., were ordered to move bag and baggage to Sumatra. By February 8, 1942 most of the machines had gone off to Palembang, Pekanbaroe, and even as far as Batavia in Java. I was one of a few officers left behind to conduct the embarkation of the ground staff and stores, equipment, etc., and if possible to fly over to Palembang a machine which was then being repaired. A terrific artillery barrage was going on across the Strait of Johore and we were expecting Japanese parachutists at any time.

We were also expecting vast reinforcements, and even when the Japs were actually on the island (they made their first landing on Feb. 9), most of us did not think it possible they could take it and finish us off. We were having a devil of a time with our heavy stores; we took them down to the docks several times, but had to bring them back owing to a flaw in the shipping arrangements. On the night of February 10 we were given the order to embark.

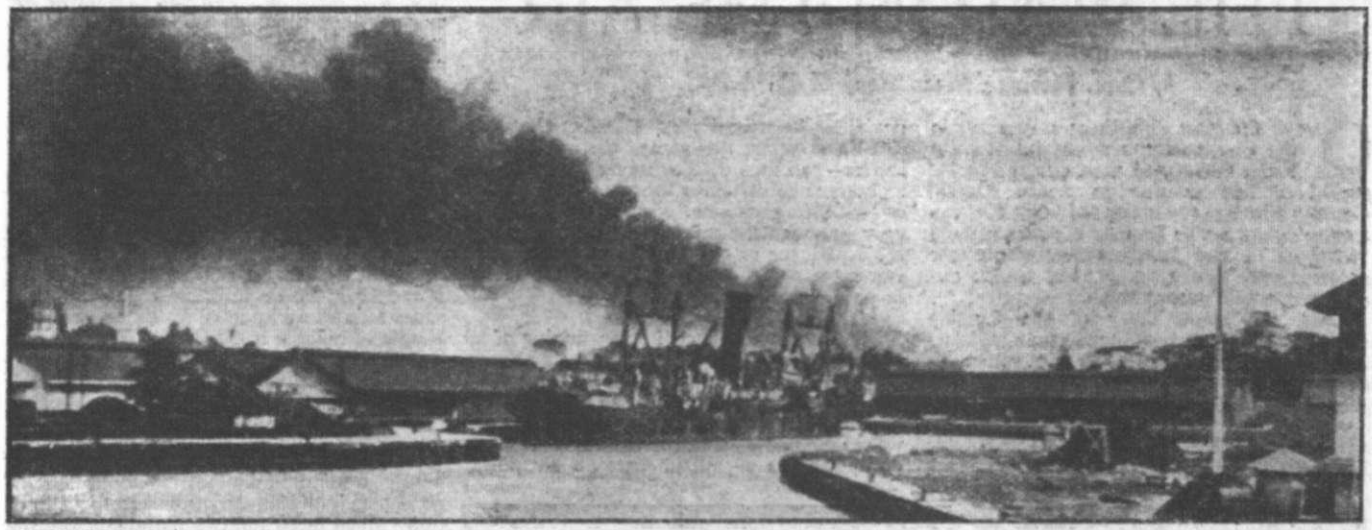
The racecourse—our station—was now the fighting front, Tengah aerodrome was lost, and an English artillery company was bravely battling its way up the Bukit Timah road towards the enemy, to try to make a stand at Bukit Panjang Village—while other troops were coming in disorder down the road towards Singapore. I saw all this at about 2 a.m. the following morning, while struggling to get my convoy through to the docks; it took me five hours, a journey of about five miles. I cannot tell you all I saw and did that ghastly night, but it did occur to me that the British Tommy is amazing in emergency. The spectacle of a diminutive Cockney handling a demoralized mob was an eye-opener to me, and the "half-pint bloke" with a North Country accent who dug the business-end of a gun into my neck and wanted to know who I was, will live long in my memory.

Having got my trucks to the docks, I went back to the racecourse to see that everything had been cleaned up, and also to get my car. I found a corporal of the R.A.S.C. with a platoon of men whose unenviable job it was to hold the racecourse against all comers. He was all against my going up to the end of the track where I had left my car among the trees, but I promised to do a bit of reconnaissance for him at the same time, so he agreed not to shoot me when I came back. It was about three-thirty in the morning, and I did not believe there were any Japs there yet. I imagined our gunners had held them up at Bukit Panjang. But I was wrong.

THERE were dozens of them. They must have carried out a very smart outflanking movement through the jungle in this part of the island. They must have noticed me, for I saw them stop and stand perfectly still on the top of a small hill against the glow in the sky—coming from an oil fire at the Naval Base—but they did not fire, in order not to reveal their presence, I suppose. And so I backed my car out of the trees and drove up the track, sweating at every pore. I said good-bye to the corporal and his men, and pushed off back to the docks again. Having decided not to wait there till morning in the hope of getting our one remaining plane away (it had been damaged again that day by an A.A. shell-splinter), I went on the ship with our ground staff and other personnel.

Things had begun to look so serious that the European women who had previously refused to leave Singapore were being

F/O WILLIAM FURNEAUX, R.A.A.F., who served with the Malayan Volunteer Air Force at Singapore until February 13, 1942, two days before the island fell. Here he recounts the grim scenes immediately preceding the capitulation.



SINGAPORE FLASH-BACK. In one of the fine docks of the great Malayan port a freighter slowly settles down after being hit in the non-stop bombing raids which preceded the capture of the city by the Japanese on February 15, 1942. In this and the preceding page Flying Officer William Furneaux gives a vivid first-hand account of the last hectic week before the capitulation, justifying the " overwhelming sense of disaster " which then oppressed everyone ; the tragedy and infinite pathos of those heart-rending scenes are vividly portrayed. *Photo, Associated Press*

ordered to go to the docks and harbour and board any ship that was leaving. We had already got about 20 on our boat. We stood off in the Roads for three days, coming into the dock each morning, but no one was there to tie us up. We were supposed to be taking some more cargo aboard for the Air Force, and I went ashore each day we were waiting to leave and saw dreadful panic scenes among the natives. I went along to my office, where most of them seemed resigned to the inevitable ; others still had faith in the arrival of British reinforcements.

The Jap pressure was growing every hour. They were now shelling the town, and air raids were continuous. By the morning of February 13 things looked really grim. An overwhelming sense of disaster oppressed everyone. The raiders came down to two or three thousand feet now, and there was occasional dive bombing. In the harbour we had been getting plenty, and this day they seemed to bomb us every hour. The town was covered with a vast pall of smoke, for everything of military importance had been set on fire. The great pillars of smoke, the shells and bombs falling around, the frantic women we were picking up out of sampans, all these horrors put out of my mind any idea of taking photographs, and all the time there was buzzing in my head the ragtime we used to play, "Singapore Sorrows."

The skipper of our ship decided to sail at four o'clock in the afternoon, by which time we had taken on a fair load of refugee women, with the result that most of us—Air Force personnel—had to quarter ourselves on the open deck. And it rained every night of the four-day trip down to Batavia. The night of February 13 passed without any particular incident. Next morning everyone trotted around the deck with a cheerfulness which was astonishing ; we weren't to know what was in store for us during the next few days !

F O Furneaux's story will be concluded in No. 168.]

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

OCTOBER 13, Wednesday *1,502nd day*

Italy.—Badoglio Govt. declared war against Germany ; title of co-belligerent approved by British, U.S. and Soviet Govts. Troops landed north of River Volturno by Royal Navy.

Mediterranean.—Tirana airfield (Albania) bombed.

Russian Front.—Announced Soviet troops fighting in streets of Melitopol. Great air battles raging over Kiev.

Australasia.—New Zealand troops in action on Vella Lavella (Solomons).

OCTOBER 14, Thursday *1,503rd day*

Italy.—Fall of Gildone to 8th Army and Guardia to 5th Army announced. Terni marshalling yards raided.

Russian Front.—Zaporozhe captured by Soviet troops. Stubborn battle continued for Melitopol.

Australasia.—Entire New Georgia group of islands in Allied hands.

Air.—Schweinfurt ball-bearing works, 65 m. E. of Frankfurt, bombed by Fortresses : 104 enemy planes destroyed ; 60 bombers lost.

OCTOBER 15, Friday *1,504th day*

Italy.—Fall of Cascalenda, and establishment of several 5th Army bridgeheads across the Volturno, announced. U.S. troops seized ground N. of Capua.

Mediterranean.—Salonika (Greece) airfields raided.

Russian Front.—Kiev and Gomel battles continued. Plavni, in Zaporozhe sector, captured.

Australasia.—Allied shipping in Oro Bay (New Guinea) bombed by Japanese.

General.—Admiral Sir John H. D. Cunningham succeeded Admiral Sir Andrew B. Cunningham as C.-in-C. Mediterranean.

OCTOBER 16, Saturday *1,505th day*

Italy.—Capture of Campobasso, Vinchiaturo and four other towns announced ; battle for Capua bridgehead continued.

Russian Front.—Yantsykrak, 20 m. S.E. of Zaporozhe, captured by Russians.

Australasia.—104 Japanese aircraft destroyed over New Guinea in this and previous day's fighting.

Burma.—Japanese H.Q. at Kalemyo bombed.

OCTOBER 17, Sunday *1,506th day*

Italy.—Announced 5th Army had driven enemy from majority of Volturno positions, and general advance westward made by 8th Army.

Russian Front.—Strong enemy force on right bank of Dnieper S.E. of Kremenchug smashed by Russian break-through.

Air.—Mosquitoes made 83rd raid of the war on Berlin.

OCTOBER 18, Monday *1,507th day*

Italy.—Occupation of Cancello and Morrone by 5th Army announced.

Mediterranean.—Skoplje rail junction (Yugoslavia) heavily raided by escorted Mitchells.

Russian Front.—Fighting in Kiev, Gomel, and Melitopol areas continued.

Air.—Hanover raided at night. Berlin bombed.

General.—Announced that 5,000 disabled Empire and U.S. prisoners-of-war to be exchanged for equal number of German wounded in Allied hands. Lord Wavell, Viceroy-designate of India, arrived in New Delhi. Mr. Eden and Mr. Cordell Hull, British and U.S. Foreign Secretaries, arrived in Moscow for 3-Power Conference.

OCTOBER 19, Tuesday *1,508th day*

Italy.—Capture of Montecilfone by 8th Army, Gioia and Liberi by 5th Army, announced.

Russian Front.—Vital 25 m. stretch of railway line from Dnepropetrovsk to Znamenka cut by Russians.

General.—Moscow Conference began.

OCTOBER 20, Wednesday *1,509th day*

Italy.—Capture of Petacciato by 8th Army, Dragoni and Roccaromana by 5th Army announced.

Russian Front.—Melitopol battle continued ; three stations S. of Kremenchug captured by Russians ; bridgeheads across Dnieper N. of Kiev and over River Sozh S. of Gomel extended.

Air.—Duren metal works, 25 m. from Cologne, and Dutch airfield of Gilze-Rijen, bombed by escorted Fortresses. Leipzig raided by Lancasters in city's first heavy raid. Mosquitoes bombed Berlin.

General.—Lord Wavell installed as Viceroy of India.

OCTOBER 21, Thursday *1,510th day*

Mediterranean.—Marshalling yards at Nish and Skoplje (Yugoslavia) raided ; Rhodes bombed for third successive night.

Russian Front.—Centre of Melitopol cleared of enemy ; Russians advanced into Dnieper Bend south of Kremenchug.

General.—Ships carrying British and German prisoners to be repatriated left Gothenburg (Sweden). Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound died.

OCTOBER 22, Friday *1,511th day*

Italy.—Fall of Piedimonte d'Alife and Alife announced.

Russian Front.—Verkhnedneprovsk, S.E. of Kremenchug on west bank of Dnieper, Vozok and Gorodok, captured by Russians. Announced that Red Army reached Vladimer Hill, overlooking Kiev.

Australasia.—Japanese positions near Finschafen (New Guinea) heavily raided.

Air.—Kassel, German arms city, plastered with over 1,500 tons of bombs. Mosquitoes raided Cologne.

OCTOBER 23, Saturday *1,512th day*

Mediterranean.—Reported that Greek partisans had severed rail links between Athens and Salonika.

Russian Front.—Melitopol, German bastion protecting the Crimea, captured by Soviet troops. Znamenka and Fastov raided by Red Air Force.

Sea.—Cruiser Charybdis and destroyer Limbourne sunk in naval clash off Ushant (France).

OCTOBER 24, Sunday *1,513th day*

Italy.—Establishment of 8th Army bridgehead across River Trigno announced. Capture of Baiae Latina announced.

Mediterranean.—Tirana airfield (Albania) raided. Capture of Kotor announced by Yugoslav guerilla H.Q.

Russian Front.—Lozovatka, 10 m. N. of Krivoi Rog, captured by Russians.

Sea.—Four out of thirty E-boats attacking convoy off East Anglian coast at night destroyed.

Air.—French airfields of Beauvais-Nivellers, St. André-de L'Eure, bombed by U.S. Mitchells. Targets in S. Austria raided by heavy bombers.

OCTOBER 25, Monday *1,514th day*

Italy.—Capture of Sparanise announced.

Russian Front.—Dnepropetrovsk and Dneprodzerzhinsk-Kamenskoye captured by Russians.

Australasia.—Announced 123 Japanese aircraft destroyed in recent raid on Rabaul.

General.—British prisoners of war disembarked at Leith, from ships Empress of Russia and Drottningholm.

OCTOBER 26, Tuesday *1,515th day*

Italy.—Fall of Fracolise, Raviscanina, and Roccheeta to 5th Army, Boiano, Spinete, Petrella and Palata to 8th Army announced.

Mediterranean.—Evacuation of Cos (Dodecanese) by Allied troops announced. Salonika airfields (Greece) bombed.

Russian Front. — Rail stations of Matovo, Klarnavatka, 2½ milies from Krivoi Rog, captured by Red Army.

Australasia.—American troops landed on Mono Island, S.W. of Shortland, in the Solomons, in face of Japanese opposition.

China.—U.S. aircraft bombed Haiphong.

General.—Hospital ship Atlantis arrived at Liverpool with 764 repatriated wounded. Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India, arrived in Calcutta to visit Bengal famine area.

Flash-backs

1940

October 21. *Mr. Churchill broadcast to France calling on all Frenchmen to re-arm their spirits before it was too late.*

1941

October 14. *Russian troops evacuated Mariupol.*

October 16. *Rumanian troops entered Odessa.*

October 21. *50 French hostages shot by Germans for assassination of a German officer at Bordeaux.*

October 25. *President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill issued declaration condemning Nazi atrocities in Occupied Territories.*

1942

October 17. *Schneider works at Le Creusot wrecked in daylight raid by 94 Lancasters.*

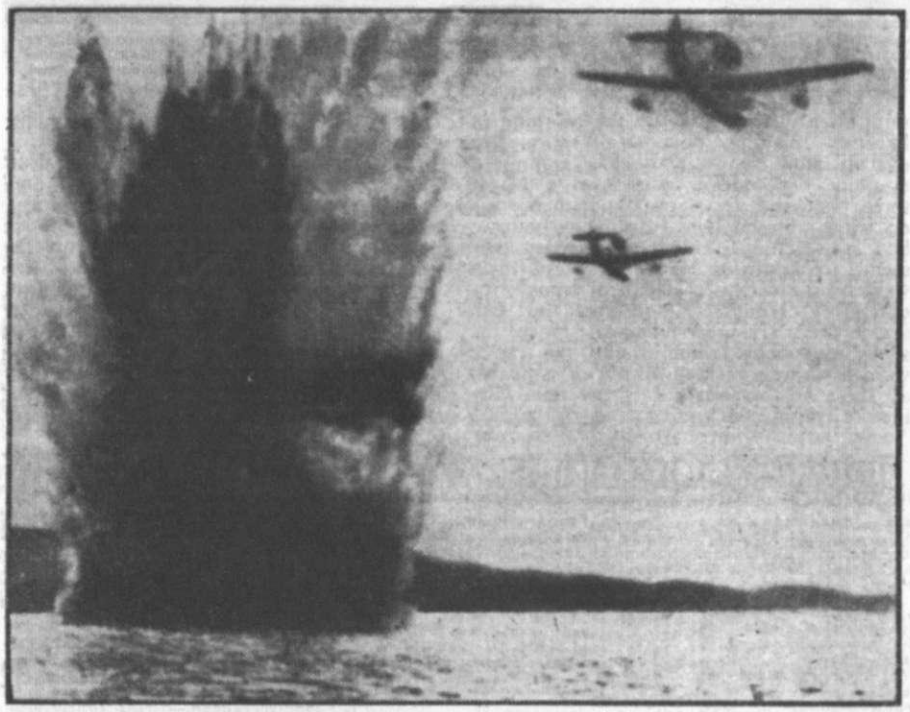
October 23. *Great night offensive launched by 8th Army against Rommel's positions at El Alamein.*

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

ONE of the most significant statements in the communiqués from the Eastern Front mentioned that, during a recent period of bad weather in South Russia, German aircraft were grounded while Russian airmen continued to fly over the area around Melitopol, a few hundred feet above the ground, with Stormovik ground attack aircraft prominent among them.

Until the whole story of the Russian counter-advance against the German invaders is told it will be impossible to allot full credit to the Red Air Force for the part it has played in the tremendous battles to recover the lost territory. We know how great was the part of the Royal Air Force, the Fleet Air Arm, the United States Army Air Force, the South African Air Force, the Royal Australian Air Force and other Allied air forces in the continuous 2,000 miles advance that drove the Germans (and the Italians) out of North Africa; that cleared them from Pantelleria and Sicily; and that carried the Anglo-American forces into Southern Italy.



RED AIR FORCE PLANES attached to the Soviet Northern Fleet are here seen putting " paid " to the account of a U-boat. From the White Sea to the Black Sea, Russian airmen have taken the initiative against the Luftwaffe. The strategic consequences, so advantageous to the Allied Nations, are discussed in this page. *Photo, U.S.S.R. Official*

CHALLENGED and Forced to Decisive Aerial Combat

It is not too much to say that without air power that great feat of arms might never have been accomplished. Why? You may well ask. For this reason. There can be no consolidation of positions in the air. There can be only the combat that is decisive. If there are aircraft in the air they can be left there to carry out their tasks, challenged and forced to fight to execute what they have been ordered to do, or destroyed and the remnants driven back whence they came.

Air power does not acknowledge a war of position. There is no such thing as a defensive war in the air when aircraft fight aircraft. The initial object of air power is to attain mastery of the air. When that has been achieved it becomes possible to use aircraft freely for purposes connected with surface actions—between armies or between navies or between both. The fact that one side—that which has gained the initiative in the air—can then employ its air power to aid its surface forces gives the combined forces of that side a measure of strength denied to their opponents, a measure of strength which the experience of the 1914-18 war and every war since has shown to be a decisive factor in battles on land and sea.

THE victorious and swift overrunning of all Europe by German armies was accompanied by the great air superiority which the Luftwaffe in 1940-41 possessed over its combined enemies. But the story of Germany in this war is the tale of the prodigal. The German Army leaders expended German air power for their own ends and failed to understand that they could gain eventual victory only by crushing the air power of their enemies and preventing it from being resurrected. They believed that the Army was all-powerful (as could be expected from the descendants of the incredibly cruel Teutonic Knights who pillaged north-eastern Europe centuries ago in the perverted name of honour) and that the Luftwaffe was but an auxiliary to it. In modern war the decisive arm is air power, for without it no ground or sea force can prevail against an opponent who possesses it, as has been amply proven.

To the providential blinding of the German generals to the staringly obvious values of air power we must in the first instance ascribe the failure of German arms to achieve absolute victory in this war. Among other things—and it was only one of their mistakes—they built the wrong types of aircraft to achieve air mastery because they were required primarily for close cooperation with the Army. They failed to see that if they once attained to complete air mastery it would be possible to utilize the aircraft which had gained that air superiority to deal effectively with the needs of their ground forces.

So, when the Germans were forced to use their Army-prejudiced aircraft to fight for air mastery they came up against the products of an air theory of a different kind. The independent Royal Air Force had been designed from its beginning in 1918 to fight for and obtain air superiority and finally air mastery as the overlying principle of its existence. Other aspects of air power were kept in mind and additional Commands provided to deal with them. But the first object of the British Air Arm was to inflict decisive defeat upon the Air Arm of its opponents, and it was only because of the acceptance of that cardinal principle that the Royal Air Force preserved Britain from invasion and, in spite of its diminutive size, fought on until it had gained parity and then numerical superiority over the technically inferior Goliath of German air power.

American air outlook was keyed to a strategic conception of air war similar to the British. The instruments of American air power were different, owing doubtless to great geographical variations in the conditions which faced the two nations before the war began. So, the American heavy bombers were designed to operate over great distances (San Francisco to Honolulu is 2,400 miles across the ocean); they were designed to fly high (American mountain ranges are far higher than European), and elevations from which the aircraft might have to take off imposed special considerations in engine design; and their long-range bombers were heavily armed and armoured and were thus able to fight their way through to their pre-arranged destinations.

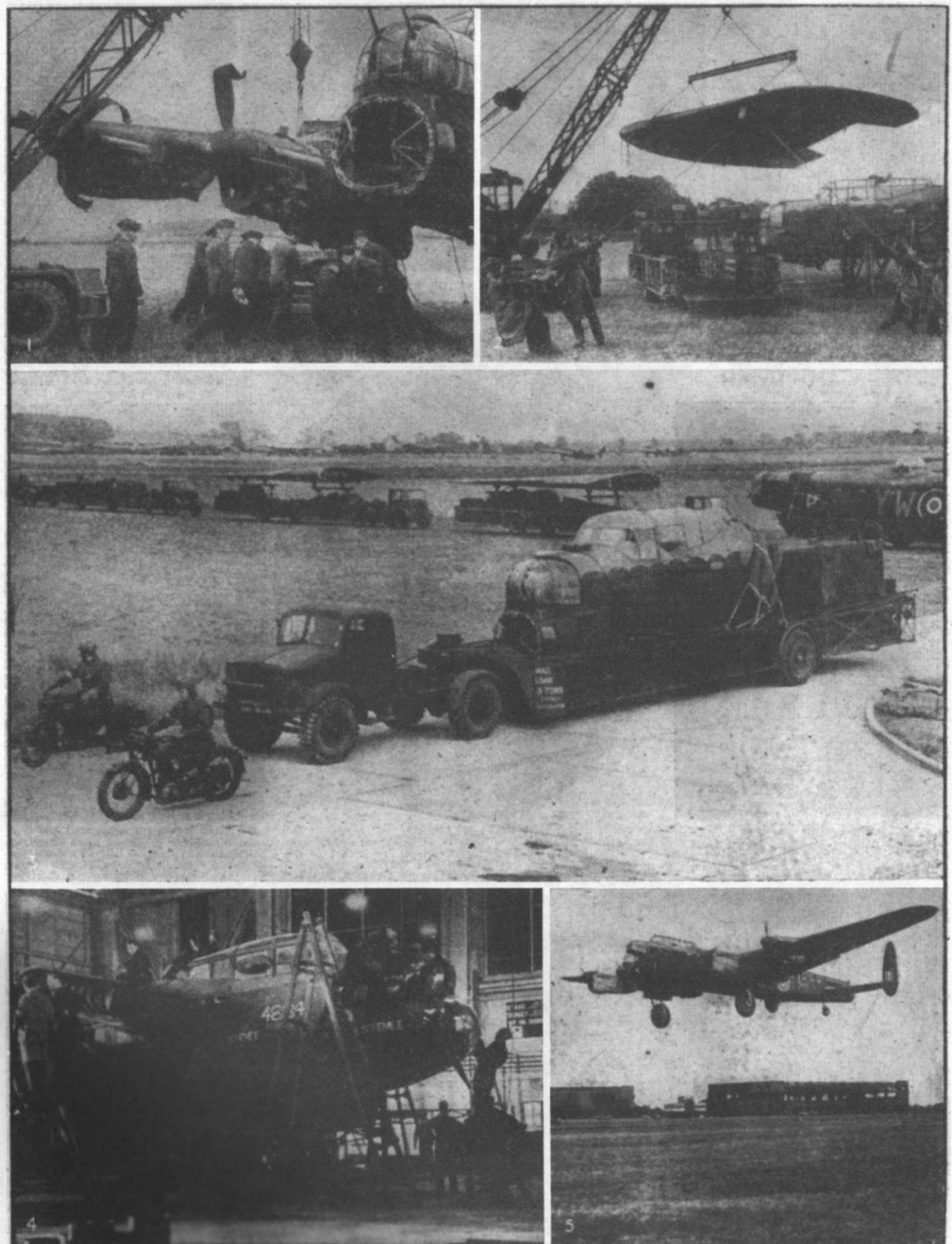
OUR Most Critical Stage in the War is Now at Hand

The British and American conception of the theory of air power was the same, but the application of the theory to types of aircraft was affected by the different geographical conditions facing each nation. That is why air defeat has been imposed upon Germany *and* Japan. That is why the process of conquest has ended, and the process of reconquest has begun. For the initial victory of the global war—the air victory, without which no other victory could be possible—has been won by the United Nations in every theatre of war. It is now necessary to profit by that victory, and to apply the advantage of superior air power to the attainment of final victory over Germany and Japan.

This is now our most critical stage in the war. The British Air Marshals and American Air Generals have done their initial part. It is now the turn of the ground Generals. Will the Anglo-American ground Generals employ the air power which is available to them to the best advantage, to gain victory in the shortest time, and with the fewest casualties among our troops? Do they know enough about the application of air power? Or should a fully qualified Air Officer of high rank be given exceptional powers of co-ordination to ensure that the air power available to us is really employed to the fullest possible advantage?

MEANWHILE, the Red Air Force has the initiative. Climatically they were always handicapped, even in peacetime. This is now their great ally, and they have shown that they can exploit its value, for the handicap that they have always had to fight is now imposed as rigorously upon the German Luftwaffe. And it may prove, in time, that in this lay the great secret of the success of Russian winter offensive battles even before the Red Air Force had air superiority. But, today, with the attrition of the Luftwaffe through the Allied air offensive, and the supply of British and American aircraft in addition to their own output, the Russians have air superiority at their command. And that, perhaps, explains their recent continuous and sensationally successful advances and the defeat of German arms.

Smashed-Up Lancaster Gets a New Lease of Life



BACK FROM A BIG RAID with undercarriage smashed, an engine burnt out and propellers twisted, " T for Tilly " crash-landed on the home aerodrome. Cranes hoist it on to a tractor (1), for delivery to the dismantling squad (2). In sections, the down-but-not-out Lancaster, preceded by R.A.F. motor-cycle police (3), is moved to the repair shop (4) for high-speed renovation which, successfully completed, enables it to take to the skies again (5), fit and ready to drop more bombs where these will do most good to the Allied cause.

Photos. Keystone

Peril They Scorned—There Were Lives to Save

Cpl. EADIE HATFIELD, B.E.M.
This W.A.A.F. rescued 10 of her comrades from a half-demolished and burning dance hall, target of a high-explosive bomb.

MISS CELIA JENKINS, B.E.M.
A Post Office worker, she rescued two people from a bombed and burning building, one of them from a cellar on the brink of collapse.

DR. M. THOMSON, M.B.E.
Herself wounded, hungry and without proper medical supplies, she saved many lives during the Japanese invasion of Singapore.

MRS. DOROTHY HIDE, B.E.M.
Civil Defence worker, she showed "devotion to duty, conspicuous efficiency and powers of leadership in emergency."

SISTER MURIEL MYERS
Of Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service, Sister Myers was awarded the Associate Royal Red Cross medal for "outstanding zeal, patience and courage."

NURSE M. FERRO
She is seen receiving from Lord Gort, Governor of Malta, at an investiture in Palace Square, Valetta, her award of the Associate Royal Red Cross medal for "meritorious conduct in the wards during air raids at the General Hospital, Imtafa."

MISS DOREEN FERRINGTON
Member of the Women's Land Army, she helped to drag dead and injured airmen from a crashed plane. Alone, she brought a heavy gate to the scene for use as a stretcher.

Pte. SONIA STRAW, G.M.
This member of the A.T.S. was the first woman to be awarded the George Medal, for courage and service to others during air-raids.

1st Off. M. R. RATHBORNE, M.B.E.
Of the W.R.N.S., she received her Membership of the Order of the British Empire for zeal and wholehearted devotion to duty.

Pte. M. D. STANNARD
Member of the A.T.S., she received the Royal Humane Society's Certificate for rescuing a non-swimmer, who had already gone down twice.

Photos, British Official; L.N.A., News Chronicle, Planet News, Keystone, The Daily Mirror, Topical

Editor's Postscript

If Rome had a personality the city would be recalling just now the number of times it has been approached by armies, besieged, stormed, sacked, ravaged with sword and fire. There have been times when it almost ceased to exist, when grass grew in the highways, and a scanty population sheltered in ruined palaces. How Nature treats a city that falls into a condition like that is shown by the depth at which the Roman Forum was found. Imperceptible dust falls day by day, year by year, and the surface of the soil is raised higher and higher. Sometimes, when I look at the ruins of our British cities, especially London, where the remains are curiously like those of ancient Rome and Pompeii and Herculaneum, I wonder whether they will some day far in the future be excavated and exhibited to tourists from Kamchatka or Tierra del Fuego. The Forum is Rome's most interesting antiquity by a long way, in my opinion. St. Peter's is more like a huge railway station than a church. The Seven Hills are very tiring; they have always seemed to me to number seventy and seven. There is no society to speak of, owing to the cleavage between Church and State. In the streets there are always troops of priests.

Statements repeated several times lately in radio news that the weather on the Italian front was too unfavourable for flying carried my mind back to the very early days of aviation when no machine left the ground unless the air was perfectly still. At the first aircraft competition meetings—there was one in 1909 at Rheims, then one at Doncaster and another at Blackpool—the most daring pilots of that time used to wait till the flags drooped down their staffs before they would venture up. Quite right they were, too, for the planes of those days were ramshackle contraptions, with motors of what seems now ridiculously puny power. I remember seeing A. V. Roe, now Sir Alliott and a leading manufacturer, trying to get into the air with a triplane that had a nine horsepower engine. Of course it would only hop. Another famous pilot, Hubert Latham, took the first big risk in a high wind. I saw him at Blackpool, surrounded by friends and well-wishers, imploring him not to; he waved them aside with his slow, tired smile. Graham-White was the first airman to fly in the dark. I was there, too, and recall the farewell his mother took of him just before he started. He is going strong still, I am glad to hear.

Foreign Offices have a lot in common wherever they may be situated. You might expect the Moscow one to be different, but it isn't. The earliest Bolshevik Foreign Minister, Tchicherin, used to surprise his colleagues in diplomacy by his very careful turn-out in evening dress. But he only wore the ordinary trousers and tails with white tie. Now, according to regulations just issued by Mr. Molotov, Russian diplomats and Foreign Office functionaries are to appear in double-breasted black tunics with white shirts, having starched fronts, collars and cuffs (with mother-of-pearl links, if you please), trousers with broad black bands down the sides and gold piping, black silk socks and elastic-sided boots, such as Punch used to call "Jemimas." Gold braid will appear also on the tunics. I don't know that this is worse than what is called "Windsor uniform" which Ministers had to wear in this country until the present reign, but it must seem to many of us incongruous under a Socialist system. Socialists, however, are quite as fond of dressing-up as other people, sometimes more so (as Ramsay MacDonald), so it is really a normal development.

Dr. ANTONIO D'OLIVEIRA SALAZAR, Prime Minister and virtual dictator of Portugal since 1932. A professor of economics, he achieved and still holds power not by violence but by invitation. On October 12, 1943, Dr. Salazar announced to the Portuguese National Assembly in Lisbon his decision, based on a 570-year-old treaty, to extend to Britain facilities in the Azores (see pages 360-361) for increased protection by air and sea of Allied merchant shipping. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

The "old sweat" of last century's wars, even of the South African War, used to attach great importance to medals. The soldier of today, it seems, is inclined to laugh at them and to think they had better be abolished. This is symptomatic. For one thing, since the great majority of men who are of an age to go into one of the Services are serving in one of them, the wearing of a medal in years to come would confer no dignity. If it did, unfairness would be caused to the men who did equally important work in factories, shipyards, coalmines and so on, and who would have received no recognition. For another thing, the Servicemen of the present do not want any reminder of the war in which they took part. There is quite enough for them to remember it by without medals. As for other distinctions, there is some feeling against them, too, due to the knowledge that they are often awarded very much at haphazard. Many go to men who are not necessarily braver or more skilful in leading than the rest, but to those who happen to attract notice. The silliness of foreign decorations, which was a joke last time, has faded out in this war. They used to be taken round in trays.

I wanted to look up something in one of Trollope's novels and went to the shelves at the London Library where the great Victorian story-teller's works used to be ranged. To my surprise the shelves were almost empty. I asked one of the librarians if the volumes had been sent to be rebound. "No," he said; "they are out. There is a run on Trollope just now. I suppose our members like his tales because there is such a quiet, peaceful atmosphere in them. It takes their minds off the present turmoil and bloodshed and uncertainty." I asked him, "What about Thackeray? Is he sharing in the boom?" He smiled pityingly. "Oh dear no," he replied. "Nobody reads Thackeray now. He has quite gone out of fashion." That is easily explained. "Thack," as Mr. Archedeckne, the original Harry Foker, would call him, could do a big scene far better than Trollope. But he was a bad storyteller because he put in so much cheap moralizing. Trollope stuck to his characters and plot. I see the Oxford University Press are adding to their World's Classics his novel called Is He Popenjoy?—a poor title for a capital mystery tale. It is not so well known as the Barchester series.

Pskov is attracting attention for the second time in its history. It became a short time ago, in newspaper language, one of the many "key-points" on the Russian Front. (Like "bridgehead," the term "key-point" is generally used without any regard to its meaning.) Its earlier leap into front-page news was in 1917. Gen. Russky, one of the Tsar's army commanders, had his headquarters there. He and the other leading generals had decided that there must be a change in the Russian system of government. They could not win the war, they had become convinced, if the nation was excluded by the bureaucrats from taking full part in it. The autocracy, which was really a bureaucracy, must go. There must be a ministry responsible to the Duma, an elected body which could be turned into a Parliament. Russia must be governed on constitutional lines. Well, early in March 1917 the Tsar left his headquarters at Mogilev (also prominent in the news of late) for his home at Tsarskoe Selo. His train was stopped and sent to Pskov. There Gen. Russky told him he must abdicate. He tried to offer concessions and was told "It is too late." The Tsardom was over. It ended at Pskov.

Prospects of peace after the war are not so rosy. As the fate of Hitler grows more certain and the liberation of the Nazi-occupied countries draws nearer, the people of several of those countries have already begun fighting each other over questions of post-war settlement. In Greece there are some who want the king back and some who say "Never!" They are not merely arguing about it; they are at war. Then in Yugoslavia the Mihailovitch army is accused by the other patriot partisans of treachery, while in Czechoslovakia the mass of people are said to be strongly in favour of alliance with Russia, and complaints are made that obstacles are raised to this by the Foreign Offices in London and Washington under the influence of "reactionary Polish circles." Dr. Benes was to have gone to Moscow to make some arrangement months ago. He was held back. Then his journey was fixed for last month, but postponed indefinitely, not by his own wish, because of the Three-Power Conference. The Poles themselves appear to be deeply divided. Many careful observers think there is almost bound to be something like civil war in France. Have we got to keep armies all over Europe to preserve order? I sincerely hope we shall do nothing of the kind.

Men of the 5th on the Last Lap to Naples

SEARCHING FOR SNIPERS IN TORRE ANNUNZIATA, Bay of Naples port, capture of which was reported on October 1, 1943, this tank-load of British infantry of the 5th Army passes a street sign indicating the road to Vesuvius. Only 12 miles to the north, beyond the famous volcano, lies Naples, which our men occupied a few hours later after some skirmishing. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

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